

Week ending April 16 1955
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

**RAFFLES and the
Innocents Abroad** | **'THE LITTLE WALLS'**
by Winston Graham

'HIGH ADVENTURE': We fly our flags on Everest
by **SIR EDMUND HILLARY**





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Danger: POISON!

It is scandalously easy to get poisoned by accident in this country. During the last year, more than three hundred people died from an accidental dose of poison. Thousands more were saved by emergency treatment from death, but suffered serious illness.

A woman of seventy-eight, for example, died because a bottle of liniment looked like a bottle of laxative. Another woman drank poison in mistake for medicine.

A boy of twenty months swallowed tablets kept in the same drawer as a bag of sweets. A two-year-old girl was killed by quinine sulphate tablets which had been left lying around and forgotten by adults.

CORONERS are seriously worried by the increasing toll of deaths from accidental poisoning. The Poisons Board, the body which advises the Home Secretary, is considering how to strengthen the rules for doctors and chemists dealing with poisons.

These rules are complicated, difficult to understand, and still more difficult to enforce. Too often they are going by default.

Liquid poisons are supposed to be sold in bottles of ribbed glass, "recognizable to the touch to prevent accidents in darkness." Poisonous tablets should be vividly and unmistakably labelled. But any chemist knows that prescribed liquids containing poison are often put up in plain bottles, and dangerous tablets in standard containers.

All this is intolerable, for the number of accidental poisonings is growing. The Poisons Board must instantly, and with the greatest publicity, strengthen the poison rules. And they *must* be enforced.

BUT no rules can guard against stupidity. As Mrs. Eleanor Bradley, chairman of the National Home Safety Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, says: "Children die every year through getting access to dangerous drugs and poisons which sometimes look not only harmless but attractive. Adults are sometimes careless about the medicines they take."

"This is everybody's responsibility—to be sensible with poisons. It is particularly the responsibility of parents of young children."

She urges a propaganda campaign to awaken the public to a growing danger. Drugs and poisons proliferate throughout the land. Doctors and chemists need a sharp, official reminder of their grave responsibilities.

But, above all, it is care when the poisons get to bathroom cupboards and shelves that can stop this senseless, needless loss of more than three hundred lives—many of them young lives—every year.



MRS. ELEANOR BRADLEY
"This is everybody's responsibility"

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**FREE
SPEECH**

**Call-up steals
five years of
a boy's life**

I DETEST national service because it takes more than two years out of a boy's life at the wrong time.

A lad who leaves school at fifteen spends the next three years marking time until he is called up. No one encourages him to think of his career, and employers know that he is unlikely to take any interest in his job until he is demobbed.

National service thus means that five years are usually wasted instead of two.

A far better system would be for boys to leave school at sixteen, do a year's civil defence training to get used to service routine, and then a year's army or air force training—for which they would be partly trained anyway.

At eighteen they would be finished with full-time service and could concentrate on their careers. This plan would save the services money, solve the problem of finding volunteers for civil defence, and give youngsters two valuable extra years.—L. Moss, Evesham, Worcestershire.

Sheep Shearing

WHILE staying with some friends who have a farm, I raced in from the fields one morning to tell them that sheep were chewing at the first shoots of autumn-sown wheat.

The farmer grinned. "The sheep



have been let loose on the wheat fields for that very reason," he said. "If we're lucky, two or three shoots will grow in place of every one the sheep eat."—H. TURNER, Salisbury.

Friendly Land

ONE of the most impressive features of life in Singapore is the tolerance shown towards each other by the various races that live here. It is most obvious on the many public holidays for national celebrations.

At Christmas, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews, Hindus and Christians all enjoy themselves together. Then in January or February—according to the moon—the Chinese New Year explodes upon Singapore with a barrage of fire crackers. And strangers of all nationalities share sugared cakes and small golden oranges.

Malays dress-up in exquisite silks and brocades for their festivals, and members of the Indian community garland Europeans with sweet-smelling flowers while the mystic Hindu ceremonies are performed.

Even when the celebration is solemn, there's the same mingling of creeds; at the Remembrance Service in November, prayers for the fallen are said by a Mohammedan priest, a Jewish rabbi, a Hindu

swami, a Buddhist monk and two Christian ministers.

In the background to all these celebrations is the western influence of chromium-plated milk bars and neon signs—and a large measure of racial tolerance.—Mrs. J. M. PURDY, Shelford Road, Singapore.

Duckboard

LAST month I was in Louvain, a Catholic university town near Brussels, when Belgian students were demonstrating against the decision to cut subsidies to Catholic schools.

Undergraduate ingenuity made the demonstration quite a show for passers-by—and saved the students a walk. They hung placards condemning the government's action



Belgian duck—with Catholic protest

round the necks of ducks, and then turned the birds loose in the streets.—O. L. ROGERS, Dover.

Identity Parade

MANY friends recognized my son, Flight Lieutenant J. R. Coates, in the photograph of the Queen's Flight being presented to Her Majesty (JOHN BULL, March 19). He, and not Flight Lieutenant Cartwright, was the flight engineer on the journey from Aberdeen to London which Keith Ellis described. In the picture he was saluting the Queen.—JOHN COATES, Scar View, Arkengarthdale, Richmond, Yorks.

Easy Does It

ALL the year round, my office colleagues save £2 a week for their holidays. Undoubtedly, expense on a change and a rest is worth while, but spending two weeks away out of fifty-two doesn't seem to me to be the best way of using the time or the money.

My wife and I prefer to go away

**BEGINNING IN JOHN BULL
NEXT WEEK**

**KINGDOM
OF THE
ELEPHANT**

A hunter's African adventures

Further details on page 28

for a weekend every four or five weeks rather than take the risk that we might spend a fortnight of bad weather at a resort we don't like.

We find that £100 spent on ten or a dozen weekend trips ensures good

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

How little can a good watch cost?

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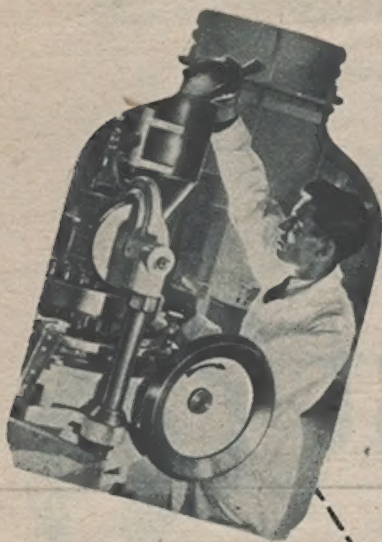


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THE CHEMISTS

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

hotels, needs very little wearisome advance planning, and saving seems far less of a burden when it is only for a month at a time.—P. K. RIGGS, Liverpool.

Taking A Breather

AT a football match in Buenos Aires, my host took me to the dressing-rooms at half-time to meet some officials. In the home team's quarters, we found the players inhaling pure oxygen from a cylinder.

When I played soccer, a slice of



Argentine soccer players inhale oxygen

lemon was the usual half-time refresher—but science, apparently, can even complicate football.—D. C. CULVER, Wolverhampton.

One or two British football teams have used oxygen as a half-time reviver but, says a doctor, at low altitudes it has no value.

Encrusted

MY father, who was a master baker, has told me about bakeries that did their customers' cooking ("Free Speech," March 19).

When he was an apprentice at a little bakehouse in Whitby, Yorkshire, one of the ovens was repaired with an old tombstone. At the next baking, loaves were found to be inscribed with parts of an epitaph starting "In loving memory of..." —MRS. O. RUTHERFORD, Colchester.

Nan Hunt

MORE mothers than fathers attend parent-teachers' association meetings ("Free Speech," March 19), because the mothers enjoy evenings away from the housework. Fathers stay at home baby-sitting.

But I have found that when schools give a direct invitation to parents to meet teachers and discuss their children's progress, fathers usually attend.—H. M., Leeds.

... In my experience boys' fathers and girls' mothers attend parent-teacher meetings. —MRS. W. HARRISON, Gillingham, Kent.

... Most mixed organizations, notably drama groups and choral

societies, find it difficult to attract masculine interest; men are too busy arguing about sport. —MRS. F. BONAR, Dunbar, East Lothian.

Postman's Knock

WEAVING my way across the road in a traffic hold-up, I leaned on the mudguard of a G.P.O. van—and nearly fell over as it collapsed beneath my hand.

I had visions of a heavy bill for damage to Her Majesty's property as I straightened myself up. But then I saw the driver grinning broadly, and looking at the wing to see the damage I found it was absolutely unharmed.

"Don't worry, guv," shouted the driver, "it's made of rubber."

Later, I learned that many post office vans have rubber wings to prevent damage to themselves and other vehicles when going through narrow openings.—A. DUNCAN, Heath Street, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

Aiming High

MRS. ROSS'S letter about the Scottish method of chimney-sweeping ("Free Speech," March 5), reminds me how they did the job in the Lincolnshire Wolds years ago.

Amateur sweeps used to bring down the soot by firing a double-barrelled sporting gun, loaded with sparrow-shot or rice, up the chimney.—E. A., Lincoln.

Mass Ablutions

IT has been a grim summer for people in the flood areas of New South Wales, Australia, but most of them felt a good deal brighter when they saw the Sydney University Regiment in action.

On its twenty-one days' annual training, the regiment took over responsibility for the care of two thousand evacuees from the flood-stricken town of Singleton. The thousand soldiers—all university students—found that the biggest single problem was washing and drying seventy babies and their clothes.

Their answer was "Operation Bathtub"—with a production line of heaters, washers and driers. The soldiers undressed the infants, washed



them and their napkins and clothes, patted the babies dry, and then dressed them in their mechanically dried clothes. They were handed back to their mothers at the other end of the production line. —MRS. I. L. STEADMAN, Engadine, N.S.W.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"BE PREPARED" never had such a heavy significance. Who would have guessed that the dear old lady's smile would be an invitation to wield a derelict mower on a lawn as lush as a water meadow? But elderly folk take everything you say at face value; they have no qualms about finding well-considered jobs for bobs. About 450,000 Boy Scouts, happily doing extra chores this week, will swell Scout funds by more than £100,000. For the moment, though, Charles Wood's cover youngsters won't be considering worthy ideals. "Their best bet," he says, "is to ask for their money in advance so that they can hire a flock of hungry sheep."



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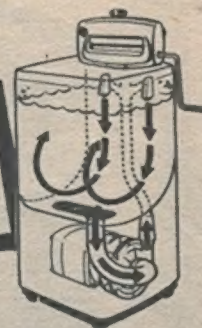
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LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

*so it gives me great
pleasure to accept
your offer.
Yours faithfully
Raymond Glendenning*

**RAYMOND
GLENDENNING**



says "After this letter I never looked back"

"WHEN I TELL PEOPLE I am an Incorporated Accountant," says Raymond Glendenning, "they don't believe me.

"But I could easily have been a practising Accountant to this day. I'd passed all my exams; and was just waiting for a good job to come along, when I started doing free-lance work for the BBC. No one was more surprised than I when a letter arrived suggesting I join their permanent staff.

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RAFFLES AND THE INNOCENTS ABROAD



*A sparkling story of the
gay adventurer in crime*

by **BARRY PEROWNE**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

THE CLATTERING of the train over switch-points joggled me out of a pleasant dream. Reluctantly, I opened my eyes. Tobacco smoke drifted about the gas-mantles overhead and, in the corner seat, facing me, Raffles was awake, reading.

I stretched myself hugely and asked: "Is this Lyons, Raffles?"

"Ah, Bunny," he said, "awake? Yes, this must be Lyons. It's about three a.m." He put aside his book. "Smoke?"

I felt unkempt and debilitated as I took a Sullivan from the proffered case, but Raffles, with his keen face and crisp, dark hair, his tweeds well pressed, the pearl precise in his cravat, looked as fresh as when we had boarded the train, bound for a holiday in the fashionable South of France. Indeed, as I leaned forward to light my cigarette at the match he held for me, I saw in his grey eyes a vivacity, a secret amusement, that made me wonder if I had been missing something by falling asleep. I cast a speculative glance at the two men who shared the compartment with us.

"Three queens," said the one with the cigar-stub in his mouth.

He was English, a short, stout, bald fellow with bags under his eyes, wearing an overcoat with an astrakhan collar. He already had been

She was very young, pretty and wideawake. Raffles stepped forward smartly. "Permit me," he said, and passed her the cups of coffee

in his seat when we boarded the train. The other man had come walking along the platform a few minutes later, and the two, evidently acquainted, had seemed surprised to see each other. They had joined company and, soon after the train started, the fellow with the astrakhan collar had produced a set of poker dice, and his companion, readily enough, had assented to a game.

I was surprised to see that they were still at it, occupying the other two corner seats, with a valise balanced between them on their knees. The fellow with the astrakhan collar had been losing pretty steadily before I had fallen asleep, and from his flushed, perspiring look now, as he set aside his three queens and shook the other two dice in the leather cup, I judged that his fortunes had taken no turn for the better. In fact, as he tossed out the two dice, there was an accumulated bitterness in his ejaculation: "Damme, look at that again! One pip off a full 'ouse!"

"They're not running for you, Mr. Wilton," sympathized his companion. A tall man, lean to emaciation, well-groomed, with grey hair brushed back thickly over the ears, and a close-clipped grey moustache, he evidently was not English, though he spoke the language fluently. "Let me see," he said, as he in his turn shook the dice in the cup, "we are throwing, now, for—Geraldine, is it not?"

"Never mind names," said Wilton. "Get on with it, Colonel, and I tell you straight, I wish I'd never left Shaftesbury Avenue."

He drew out a large silver flask and, by no means for the first time, sought aid and comfort from it. The money which had been in evidence when I had fallen asleep was no longer to be seen, and I was a shade puzzled as to the nature of the stakes now at hazard. I raised my brows in mute inquiry at Raffles, but his face was impassive as he remarked: "I see that the train's stopped, Bunny. What do you say, shall we stretch our legs?"

The platform being on our side, we were able to get out without discommoding the dice-players, absorbed in their game. As I alighted, I heard another lamentable outburst from Wilton: "Fours! 'Ow do you do it? Now, you got Geraldine—pick o' the kitties! Stark, starin' ruin. . . ."

Bareheaded, Raffles and I sauntered along the platform. The gaslamps burned blue-white in the clear, mild night, and a man trundling a trolley bearing rattling cups and tall pewter jugs was intoning: "*Café! Café bien chaud!*"

"Geraldine—pick o' the kitties," I quoted thoughtfully. "A slang term, I take it, resembling those used in the tombola?"

Raffles chuckled. "More to it than that, Bunny! Wilton's bust, you know. He ran out of ready soon after you fell asleep. Things took an odd turn, then. The fellow Wilton calls 'Colonel' brought up the subject of certain assets Wilton possesses. I gathered that the Colonel had made Wilton an offer for those assets, though vainly, a couple of days ago, in Paris. Just now, he renewed his offer, but Wilton would have none of it. He sat brooding, swigging from that flask of his. Finally, he seemed to decide that his luck was too bad to be true and was due and overdue for a change, and that'd start getting him his money back. Suddenly he offered to chuck those assets of his into the game. The Colonel jumped at it. Up to the time you woke up, three of Wilton's assets had changed hands. You yourself saw the fourth go the same way."

"What are these assets of Wilton's?" I asked.

"His girls," said Raffles.

"Girls?" I said, mystified. "What girls?"

"The eight English girls," said Raffles, "in the compartment next to our own." He glanced back over his shoulder, then put a hand on my arm, turning me. "Those girls there," he said.

Astonished, I followed his glance. I saw that

the blind of the compartment next to our own had been raised, the window lowered. A fair-haired girl was leaning out, trying to attract the attention of the man with the coffee-trolley. The man saw her and, wheeling his conveyance towards her, looked up to ask: "*Café, madame?*"

"Oh, please," said the girl. "Eight cups."

"Pardon?"

Raffles moved forward quickly. "Permit me," he said to the girl, translated her order for her, and began to pass up the cups.

The girl smiled at him. "It smells heavenly," she said. "We were dying for it. Becky, Susan, Rosemary—pull yourselves together."

I watched her pass the cups in. She was very young and pretty and wide-awake. Feeling an impulse to be in this, I stepped forward quickly to lend a hand but, to my disappointment, the transaction came to an end just then, and the girl at the window, with a warm smile of thanks for Raffles, pulled down the blind.

"That was Geraldine," said Raffles. "I heard one of the other girls address her."

"Geraldine?" I said. "You're asking me to believe that I've just, with my own eyes, seen a girl like that hazard and lost at poker dice? Nonsense, Raffles! You've misconstrued things, somehow."

"I'm afraid not," he said, as we strolled on along the platform. "Wilton's an impresario. The girls are under contract to him. He brought them to Paris to play a brief season, and now, I gather, he's taking them to the South of France on spec. I believe it's common practice in the theatre world for artists' contracts to be negotiated back and forth between managers."

"But girls like Miss Geraldine!" I said, appalled. "Negotiated by poker dice!"

"I thought it amusing, at first," said Raffles. "But now that I've seen the girls, I don't know that I like it, Bunny. They're much younger than I'd imagined, virtual beginners—innocents abroad. And what does Wilton really know about this Colonel fellow? As far as I've been able to make out, all Wilton knows is that the Colonel showed up at the place where the girls were dancing in Paris, introduced himself as a fellow manager, and made an offer for the girls' contracts. Wilton refused it at the time, no doubt mentioning that he intended to take the girls to the South of France. Personally, I've no doubt whatever that the Colonel's apparent surprise at seeing Wilton on this train was entirely false. He turned up by design, of course. He evidently needs these girls badly. He probably intended to make another bid, but he didn't need to. Wilton cooked his own goose with this poker dice business, and—"

"*En voiture!*" came a cry from along the platform. "*En voiture, s'il vous plait!*"

BACK in the compartment, I saw that the dice-players had discontinued their game. Wilton was handing over sheaves of documents. "There you are," he said morosely, "you got the lot—contracts, travel documents, railway tickets as far as Nice. Those girls'll dance a fortune into your 'ands down there. I never 'ad such luck with the dice. Worst night's work ever I did in my life!"

Raffles and I affected absorption in our books.

"If I'd let you go on playing after you'd lost half of them, Mr. Wilton," said the Colonel genially, "you might have salvaged nothing whatever. As it is, I've made the generous gesture of giving you a good price for the remaining contracts. Come, now—no ill-will!"

Wilton shrugged gloomily, and unscrewed his flask. At Valence, he transferred to the girls' compartment. What tale he told them I was able to judge from the gabble of glib assurances I heard him pouring forth later, in the dazzle of morning sunshine at Marseilles. The Colonel had got out and walked across into the booking-hall, and Raffles had followed him unobtrusively. Wilton was strolling up and down

the platform with the girls. In his astrakhan-collared overcoat, he looked flushed and shifty.

"You'll be all right, kitties," I heard him protesting speciously, as the group passed my compartment. "Big chance for you. I done it for your own good. I don't know the ins and outs down 'ere, but the Colonel does. Mind, now—'ush! Here 'e comes! Start right with 'im, my kitties. Let 'im see those smiles!"

The girls' expressions, however, were reserved and somewhat guarded as they watched the approach of their new manager, tall, urbane, elegant, valise in hand. That he was a diplomatist and experienced ladies' man was plain to me from the fact that he was followed by a beaming flower woman with her arms full of blossoms, and by a white-jacketed waiter from the station restaurant wheeling a trolley laden with napery, champagne bottles in coolers, and hampers that evidently contained a light but luxurious collation. While he was being presented to the girls, bestowing upon each, not without some charm of manner, a bouquet from the arms of the motherly flower woman, I was rejoined by Raffles.

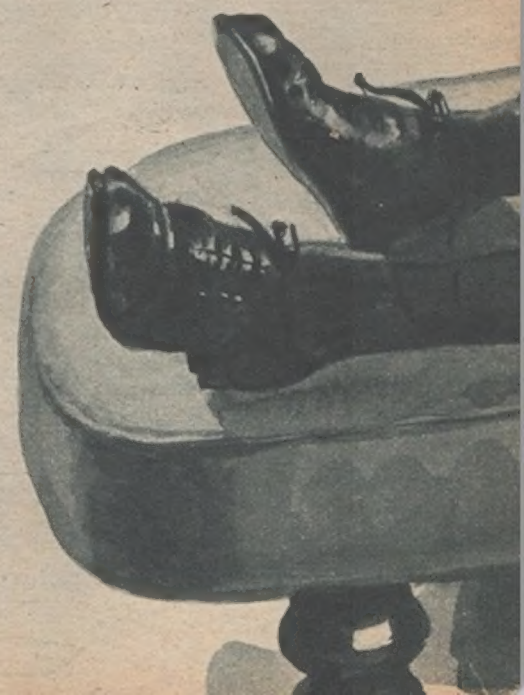
As he came up to me, he shook his head. "I don't know what his game is, Bunny, but I question more and more whether he's an impresario. He sent two telegrams. I was close behind him, and got a glimpse of the directions but not of the text. One was addressed to someone called Goubillon at a Villa Françoise, in Nice. The other was to somebody named Miklos, at San Remo, across the Italian frontier. I don't understand it, but these are English girls, Bunny, and it's up to us to keep an eye on their interests." He glanced from the window. "He seems to have invited himself to share their picnic breakfast."

This was so and, as soon as the train steamed out, leaving Wilton glum and solitary on the platform, there began to sound from the next compartment the popping of champagne corks. The sunshine grew hot. The train wound, hooting, among hills terraced with olive groves and vineyards. Faintly, I could hear the girls' voices and, more and more frequently, their happy laughter. I met Raffles's eyes.

"The Colonel's making a party of it," he said drily; "breaking the ice."

To such good effect did the Colonel exert his middle-aged charm that, when we watched them alight at Nice, the girls exhibited no trace of their initial reserve. Gaily they chattered among themselves as they moved out to a row of

Geraldine leaned over me, and spoke with charming concern and remorse. "I'm so terribly sorry," she said. "Lie still. A doctor's been sent for"



victorias with red-tasselled white canopies, drawn up before the station.

Disposing the girls in two of the carriages, and the baggage in a third, the Colonel mounted to the box of the leading vehicle, taking his seat beside the driver, and the procession set off. In another victoria, at a discreet interval, Raffles and I followed.

As our horse clip-clipped, jingling, through the palm-shaded, colourful streets, it soon became apparent that we were moving away from the district of the hotels. We were leaving the town and going uphill, into a neighbourhood of opulent villas. Far up the dust-white avenue the carriages ahead swung into a by-road.

"Keep straight on," Raffles called to our driver, and it was as well he did so, for, as we jingled past the corner, we saw that the by-road was a cul-de-sac, and that the carriages were swinging in at a gateway to the left.

Raffles now stopped our driver. We ducked out of the carriage, walked back to the corner. "Villa Françoise," Raffles said softly.

Sure enough, the name was woven into the

wrought-iron arch, partially foamed over by a purple cloud of bougainvillæa, above the second gateway along, the gateway through which the girls had passed.

"Notice the board over the gate of the house beyond Villa Françoise?" Raffles said, in an odd tone. "The end house?"

The board read: "*To Let Furnished. Apply: Agence Leblanc, Rue Pastorelli.*"

We exchanged a glance, then turned as one and walked back to our waiting victoria. Two hours later, the board disappeared.

THE house was called L'Hermitage. A month's rent paid, and the agency promising that a certain Mademoiselle Hortense should report to us as a daily domestic, we moved in right away. The rambling grounds were a jungle of palmetto, prickly-pear and pink rose-briar, threaded by paths of crushed white seashell. Between our domain and the Villa Françoise next door was a belt of trees, a tall, tangled palisade of date palm, cypress, fig and rock pine.

Scarcely had we unpacked when Mademoiselle



Hortense presented herself a sturdy little woman in black, bearing a stringbag full of vegetables, steaks and yard-long loaves, from which to furnish us with dinner. We commended her happy forethought, and Raffles inquired casually about the house next door.

"Villa Françoise?" said Mademoiselle Hortense. "It belongs to a foreign lady, a Madame Miklos. She is not often there. She travels much. Handsome enough, but of a certain age, and a hard nut, messieurs, if we are to be frank with each other. Her caretaker at the house—she's another I have not much time for. A soured woman, a silent woman. I speak as I find. On the other hand, when Madame Miklos is in residence, she's visited a good deal by a very pleasant-spoken gentleman. A colonel, I'm told. As it happens, I saw him just ten minutes ago, going down the hill. If he'd called on Madame, he must have been disappointed, for I believe she's from home. *Excusez-moi, messieurs!*"

She stumped off with her stringbag to the kitchen.

"To judge from the telegram the Colonel sent," Raffles said, "Madame Miklos is at San Remo. The other telegram was to the caretaker next door, probably to tell her to prepare to receive the girls. The Colonel and Madame Miklos are clearly in close liaison, Bunny, but I can't see the pattern yet. We need more data. The Colonel seems to have gone down to the town. I think I'd better go down there and see if I can find out anything."

When he returned, very late, he was still puzzled.

"I found him," he said. "He was coming out of a very fine ladies' dressmaking establishment. From there he went to a hotel, booked a room, had a leisurely dinner. Seemed very pleased with the world. People seem to know him by sight, but to know nothing about him. An impresario, of course, might well have business in a dress shop. And yet—" He shrugged. "When he went up to his room at the hotel, he asked at the desk for a call at eight in the morning. I shall be in the vicinity at that time, to pick up his trail. You must keep an eye on next door, Bunny."

So it was that next morning found me prowling the wilderness of our grounds, trying to get a look through the belt of trees into the grounds of the Villa Françoise. Raffles was absent and Mademoiselle Hortense had gone to market. Crickets seethed about me, butterflies danced in the haze of heat and colour, and I had just paused to mop my streaming face when I was galvanized by the report of a shot. A second shot followed almost instantly. From the grounds of the Villa Françoise, a girl's voice cried out.

My heart thumped. For a moment I stood rigid, then forced my way through a choked growth of briar and cactus and got in among the trees. From here, bending and craning, I was able to make out, across a wide, neglected garden, a veranda very much like our own. The girl Geraldine stood on the steps. She held a double-barrelled shotgun—a sixteen-bore, I judged—and she was shooting at clay pigeons. In the instant I saw her, she flung the butt to her shoulder and fired, and I heard shot rattling in the treetops. Then she fired again, on a lower trajectory, and I was unable to repress a startled shout as what felt like a swarm of incensed wasps assaulted my right arm. I clapped my left hand to it.

"Who's there?" Geraldine cried.

She stood for a moment transfixed, then came running down the path.

"Who is it?" she called, in panic. She was trying to see through the shrubbery into the jigsaw of sun and shadow where I lurked. "Did I hit you?"

Cursing my involuntary shout, I started to back away as soundlessly as possible. But, carrying her gun at the high port, she thrust

through the impeding foliage and burst into view a yard from me. Her grey eyes, meeting mine, opened very wide, then she caught sight of my right arm and she went white. Following her glance, I felt myself, too, go white. For my arm was hideous with blood.

I heard an enervated laugh that I scarcely recognized as my own, and I seemed to hear myself saying, "It's nothing. Bit of a peppering. Own fault. Dawdling among the trees. If you'll excuse me—"

I made to withdraw, but my footing seemed unstable, the trees were beginning to revolve, and I seemed to be surrounded by girls. Their hands were on me, upholding me. I was being helped up the steps to the veranda of the Villa Françoise, ushered through open french windows into a large room, thrust down gently on to a leather couch.

WHILE some of the girls disposed a cushion under my head, and others put my feet up, I saw Geraldine thrust the gun angrily on to two hooks above a shelf bearing cartridge-boxes and a half-dozen or so clay pigeons.

"Never again!" I heard her say, and she came to lean over me, looking into my eyes with charming concern and remorse. "I'm so terribly sorry," she said. "Lie still. A doctor's been sent for."

Secretly, I was beginning to think the mishap rather fortunate. It had got us a foot inside the Villa Françoise. And when the doctor had gone, having gouged about a dozen No. 5 shot out of my arm, put a dressing on it and bound it with adhesive tape, my presence in the house yielded a dividend of information.

The girls insisted on my staying for lunch, and at table I found, besides my eight pretty hostesses, two French ladies. They were very smartly dressed, but, due to language difficulties, confined their remarks to each other. Geraldine, beside whom I was sitting, told me that they were *couturières*.

"They're making new dresses for us," Geraldine explained. "We're dancers, you know, and we've just acquired a new manager. He has special plans for us. That's why we're at this villa, instead of at a hotel, and why we mustn't go out. He wants to keep us away from the public eye till our new dresses are ready. They're to be all alike, a rather lovely shade of fuchsia he's chosen, with picture hats, elbow gloves, shoes, sunshades, everything to match. When we do show ourselves, he says, we shall make a splash. He's going to take us on a little trip along the coast, to San Remo and back. That's to get people wondering and talking about us. He says that'll make it very easy for him to get us bookings at the best places all along the coast. Don't you think it sounds promising?"

"Most promising," I agreed heartily, but I was thinking of the mysterious Madame Miklos at San Remo, and my mind was a tumult of surmises. I asked cautiously, "When do you expect to be making your little trip?"

"Well," she said, "we're planning a sort of—dress rehearsal tomorrow evening. After my shooting you and everything, I do feel the least we can do is to invite you and your friend to come in and take coffee with us—and tell us what you think of us in our new dresses."

I jumped at it. I could not wait to tell Raffles that, at the cost of a little spilt blood, I had now got us well in with the girls at the villa. As soon as I decently could, I returned to our own place. He was not yet back.

At midnight, he still had not shown up, and I was definitely uneasy. He had set out to trail the Colonel and, if the Colonel had become aware of it, anything might have happened. By morning, I was at my wits' end. There was nothing I could do but prowl to and fro on our side of the strip of woodland, trying to keep watch.

All day the Villa Françoise basked silent in



Suddenly the music stopped and we looked to

the sun. Nobody came, nobody went—until, in the purple dusk, a thud of hooves and jingle of harness told me of an arrival. Peering through the trees, I saw a neat delivery cart. Cardboard boxes of all shapes and sizes were being unloaded from it. I heard the excited voices of girls. Their dresses had arrived.

Worried and irresolute, I backed out from the trees. And a voice spoke behind me that lifted a ton weight from my mind.

"Ah, there you are, Bunny," said Raffles. "Sorry I couldn't send you word that I wouldn't be back last night."

"Where the devil were you?" I said, in a fury of relief.

"Most of the night," said Raffles, "I was crouched close to Mother Earth under the veranda of a villa at San Remo. I just got back—still after the Colonel. He's at his hotel, now—dining, presumably. I felt I could safely



the door. There stood the Colonel, white with rage. "What is the meaning of this?" he said

leave him to it, as I know he'll be coming up to the Villa Françoise tonight."

"To attend a dress rehearsal?" I said. "We're invited, too."

I was gratified by his look of astonishment. I pushed back my sleeve to show him my arm, explaining what had happened.

"As a result," I said, "we're invited to take coffee at the Villa Françoise this evening and see the girls in their new dresses. We're expected about nine."

I HEARD him draw in his breath. "Bunny," he said, "what should I do without you? Come on, I'm hungry and I'm grimy, and to take coffee with ladies in new dresses—fuchsia ones, I fancy—calls for white ties and opera hats. At nine, you say? We'll be there!"

At nine precisely, having waved aside all my inquiries as to his own activities, he plucked

the bell-pull of the Villa Françoise. The night was warm, with a faint dust of stars over a velvet sky. From the dark, overgrown grounds came a drift of perfume and the parched chirring of crickets. In a downstairs room a piano was being softly played. The door opened. Geraldine stood there, smiling. Her gown was fuchsia, the light was in her hair, and she held out her hand to me.

I could not take my eyes from her. She turned to Raffles as we stepped in, and, shaking hands in his turn, he asked: "Your new manager is here yet?"

"Not yet," she said. "We expect him later. Come!"

She led us across the hall to the room where the piano was being played. And there they were, one turning from the piano, the others seated here and there about the large pleasant room, their eyes upon us—the girls in their

gowns and gloves of fuchsia. I had to marvel at what the man Wilton, who had lost them at poker dice, possessed for a soul.

"Well," said Geraldine, waving a hand round the room, "what do you think of them?"

We told them what we thought. It pleased. Things went with a swing. Coffee was had in. The dark girl at the piano, Becky, played for us. One thing led to another. The girls were dancers. The floor was of polished parquet, with rugs easily set aside. What followed was natural. Never had I realized what a waltz could be until I held Geraldine in my arms.

It was the abrupt cessation of the piano, in mid-bar, that jolted me from my dream. Everybody—including Raffles, partnering the auburn-haired Rosemary—was looking towards the door.

The Colonel stood there. He held a briefcase under his arm. He was white with rage.

"What is the meaning of this?" he said. "I—"

"You instructed these young ladies," Raffles said pleasantly, "to keep themselves to themselves. Just so. You may remember seeing my friend and me on the train, Colonel? Our presence here is naturally a surprise to you. If the ladies will excuse us, and you can spare a minute in private, we'll be happy to explain."

He moved towards the door as he spoke. I followed. I drew shut the door behind me. The Colonel looked, hard-eyed, from one to the other of us, then strode across the hall to the room I had been in the day before.

"Now," he said. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

R AFFLES took out his cigarette-case. He was entirely at ease. "Colonel," he said, "you acquired the contracts and travel documents of these eight girls at poker dice. You needed them because you and your partner, Madame Miklos, operate a group of personable young women in the carrying out of a neat, ambitious swindle you've invented. You've done pretty well in the main Italian cities recently. You intended to work next in Paris, and you went ahead to prepare the ground. Madame Miklos was to have followed with her group of harpies. But the Italian police were becoming dangerous. She and her harpies were nervous about crossing the frontier—either singly or as a group—and she wrote and told you that you must think of something. What you thought of was Wilton and his young ladies!"

He smiled as he dipped his cigarette to the match in his cupped hands. My heart thumped, sultry. The Colonel stood rigid.

"You wrote Madame," Raffles went on, shaking out the match-flame, "to gather her party unobtrusively together at a villa at San Remo, and dress them in a certain way. Particularly important were the large picture hats, of course. Tomorrow morning you'd have taken the young ladies in the other room there across to San Remo, and tomorrow afternoon you'd have brought back across the frontier in their place, on *their* documents, and dressed in precisely the same way, Madame and her harpies. You might very well have pulled it off, Colonel! But what would have happened to *our* girls, left stranded in San Remo, with no papers of any kind? They'd have been picked up by the Italian police and probably jailed for months before the British consular authorities could prove them innocent of complicity in the organized swindles of your little group! I spent most of last night under the veranda of the villa at San Remo, listening to you and Madame talking. And I tell you now, Colonel," said Raffles, "it won't do!"

The Colonel's voice was toneless. "What do you want?"

"The money," said Raffles.

"What money?"

"The money handed to you by Madame," said

Continued on page 43

Kenneth More hits out for stardom

by JACK ATTACK

His shock tactics often offend film people. He pricks pomposity, drives a hard bargain and snubs his bosses—but he earns £10,000 a year

FOR A SCENE in the film, *Doctor In The House*, Kenneth More had to rescue a stuffed gorilla mascot from a crowd of cheering students. Following the script, he jumped out of an ambulance with his friends and raced towards the "enemy" car. As he wrestled for possession of the mascot, he was pelted with flour, and one over-excited extra struck him on the chin. More turned and punched the man with such force that he doubled up in pain and staggered off the set.

A stocky, ginger-haired actor of thirty-nine, More has earned a reputation for impetuous behaviour on and off the film set. After his skirmish with the extra, More explained: "I gave him two warnings. Besides, I wasn't going to complain to the director and appear temperamental."

More's impetuosity, combined with a tenacity in business affairs, has brought him from £5-a-week stage obscurity to £10,000-a-year stardom in seven years.

Directors and producers consider his fiery

In the garden of his luxurious home near Henley, More poses his wife and daughter for a snapshot. The house has seven and a half acres of grounds

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON



enthusiasm a valuable asset. One critic said: "Kenneth More uses the screen as a boxing ring—and he punches hard."

More was driving an ancient Dutch Spyker car along a road in East London for a scene in *Genevieve*, when he saw an opening in the traffic ahead. Excitedly, he turned to Kay Kendall, the actress, who was sitting beside him.

"I'm going to have a shot at going into the other lane," he said. "It should get a laugh."

"Don't," said Kay Kendall. "We'll be killed."

Ignoring her plea, More swung his car into the path of oncoming traffic, and film cameras followed his reckless course as he skirted the wrong side of an island, and swerved back into his own lane just in time to avoid a bus.

"The rushes looked so good," says Henry Cornelius, the director, "that I included the sequence in the finished film."

Jumped Sixty Feet Into Sea

In *Our Girl Friday*, More's rôle called for him to jump sixty feet off the deck of a ship into the Mediterranean. When the Spanish crew said that three bathers had been killed by sharks in the waters shortly before, the director told More that an extra would be used. More insisted on taking the jump himself.

"Ken," says director Ralph Thomas, "does what he feels like—not what is expected of him."

More was on location in Guernsey once, when he decided that the atmosphere in a hotel dining-room was too staid. When the orchestra left for an intermission, he sat down at the piano and accompanied himself in a doubtful wartime song. The formally attired guests appeared shocked and, seeing this, More repeated the song—louder.

His audacity has made him unpopular with some film technicians and executives. Once he intervened when a director took a minor actor to task for arriving late on location.

"You're just trying to create a big impression," More said. "Anyone can see that the cameramen aren't ready yet."

More's business decisions are born of thoroughness. Although he played his first starring rôles with the Rank Organization, he delayed accepting a contract from them. Later he signed for British Lion Films after he was offered a higher salary and what he considers to be better working conditions.

Insists On Comedy Rôles

Under his present contract, which started in March last year, More is to make ten films in five years, and he is allowed free-lance work with other film studios and on television. Of the ten contract films, More has stipulated that half of them shall be comedies. He believes that they have the greatest drawing power in the provinces.

Recently, More became the taxpayers' property after the government took over the ailing British Lion Film Corporation and its contracts. Sir Alexander Korda, who was principal shareholder, has tried to transfer him to his own company, London Films. During negotiations, the usually outspoken More has kept a discreet silence.

Sometimes his tenacity has lost him business offers. When one firm asked him to sponsor its product, he demanded £2,000. The firm argued that More would have to make two films for that sum, and withdrew their request.

More considers that the loss was worth while. "An actor's time is valuable," he says.

On another occasion he took direct action when he was rehearsing a kitchen scene and noticed a package of detergent on a shelf.

"Has this advertising been paid for?" he asked.

When he was told that it had not, he turned the package around so that the trade name would not appear in the film.

The son of a company director, Kenneth

More was born at Gerrard's Cross, in Buckinghamshire. His father lost every penny of a £70,000 inheritance and young More worried in his early acting days when his father could not pay the rent.

"I would think of the letters and bills that my father used to receive," he says.

After his father died, More's mother persuaded Vivian Van Damm, a family friend, to employ him at London's Windmill Theatre. Training as a theatre executive, More swept floors, shifted scenery and operated spotlights for £2 a week.

"He didn't pay much attention to his work," says Sid Brandon, the stage manager. "He was too busy reading film magazines."

One night the show's comedian, Eric Woodburn, sprained his ankle and asked More to go on in his place. Nervously, More pulled on the taller actor's costume, fixed a prop moustache on his nose and squashed a beef-eater's hat over his head. On the darkened stage, he spoke a monologue before a moving pageant of the Tower of London and when the lights went up, the audience burst into laughter and applauded More in the outsize uniform.

He decided to become a comedian.

After a year at the Windmill, where he finished as stooge to comedian Gus Chevalier for £6 10s. a week, More went to the Newcastle Repertory Company to do straight acting. Experience in repertory companies throughout the North of England and the Midlands followed and in 1940, More joined the navy as an able seaman.

Gave Crew Battle Description

During action off the coast of North Africa, More was brought up from anti-aircraft control and made morale officer. "He gave graphic accounts of the battles to the ship's company amid bursting flak," says a fellow-officer, Jock Offord.

More served four years in the Mediterranean and two years in the Pacific and took part in the Anglo-American bombardment of the Japanese mainland. Demobilized in 1946 with the rank of lieutenant, he won a rôle in the play, *And No Birds Sing*, and spent his £125 gratuity on clothes for the part.

When the play finished at Leeds, More packed his clothes in an old trunk and caught the midnight train for London. At Kings Cross he found that his trunk had been stolen. He borrowed some clothes from a friend and carried on, eventually winning parts in West End productions.

More's big chance came in 1951, when he read the part of Freddy Page, an R.A.F. pilot who had gone to seed, for Terence Rattigan's play, *The Deep Blue Sea*. Over-anxious at the first reading, More failed to impress the director. He took several whiskies before the second reading a few days later—and won the part. Later he repeated it in the television version, and last month he finished playing it again before the film cameras at Shepperton.

Has Town And Country Homes

His fourteen films in the last seven years have provided him with the opportunity of living on a luxurious scale. With his second wife, his one-year-old daughter and fifteen-year-old stepson, he lives at Wargrave, Henley, in a half-timbered house set in seven and a half acres of grounds that slope towards the Thames. He also has a London flat in Eaton Square. Both homes are furnished with expensive antiques.

More takes his work with a marked concern—he was awarded the British Film Academy Award for his performance in *Doctor In The House*—and is quick to protect his own interests. After he had a dream which he thought would make a good comedy, he jotted it down and took the idea to Antony Darnborough, the producer. Darnborough was impressed and More gave him the idea—in return for the chance to play the lead. THE END



More plays with his one-year-old daughter at his Wargrave home, where the garden slopes down to the Thames. He also has a stepson



Jimmy Hanley (in tartan waistcoat) hears More explain his ideas for a scene in *The Deep Blue Sea*. More takes his work very seriously



A keen underwater swimmer, More cleans his equipment. Once he leaped sixty feet into the Mediterranean for a scene in a film

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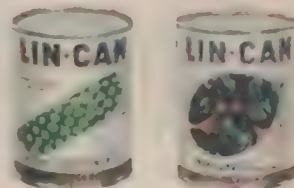
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By HELEN BURKE

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all on a summer's day

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Christine Smith shows London to the world

by KEITH ELLIS

She makes sure that her tourists see the sights. Her expert advice may help them to shop, or catch a glimpse of the Queen. But sometimes she wonders why they come at all

CHIRSTINE SMITH, courier and guide, arrived at a Paignton hotel one bank holiday to find that a tourist agency had forgotten to make bookings for her coachload of tourists. "I rang up the council offices," she says, "and got a list of hotels and boarding-houses. After tramping the streets until 9.30 p.m., I managed to find accommodation for all but two men. The council offices then suggested that I should try Newton Abbot."

It was Newton Abbot race week. After a score of fruitless inquiries, she found a small hotel with one double room left. The men took one look at it and then came down to tell her that they did not like the idea of sleeping in a double bed. In desperation, she turned to the hall porter.

"He said that if one of them would take the double bed, his mother-in-law could put up the other in her cottage." The men agreed, but it was after midnight when Christine, utterly exhausted, got to bed herself.

Four In Five Are Americans

A tall, attractive woman of thirty-three, Christine Smith has for seven years concentrated on the task of helping British and foreign tourists. Though she is one of the British Travel and Holiday Association's 310 registered London guides, she also acts as courier to coach parties and shows clients round such tourist places as Canterbury, Warwick and Stratford on Avon.

Much of her work is with coaches, but Christine prefers to take smaller parties out by car. Sometimes her visitors are doctors who wish to concentrate on hospitals, or lawyers who are more interested in the Inns of Court.

One woman, who owned a quarry, tapped the stone of every building they visited and wanted to know what it was and where it was quarried. Following her usual practice when she doesn't know the answer, Christine admitted her ignorance. An American woman spent her whole day visiting convents to present letters of introduction to the mothers superior. Christine and the woman's Protestant husband followed her round and waited outside.

Although American tourists outnumber those of any other nationality by about four to one, Christine has accompanied Indians, Pakistanis, Chinese, Egyptians, Israelis and Dutch. With a welfare officer who acted as interpreter, she

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On the Embankment, Christine points out famous places to a party of Americans. Most tourists, she says, hope to see all of London in a day

THE LITTLE WALLS

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

I had a surprise in store for Charles Sanbergh. One man could unmask him. I had brought that man to Capri

I WAS SURE that Leonie Winter knew how my brother had died. That was why I had followed her to Capri—and why, when I got the chance, I slipped quietly up to her bedroom and began to search her belongings. Somewhere there might be a clue to Grevil's death. . . .

Grevil had been returning home, via Holland, from an archaeological expedition in Indonesia, accompanied by a man called Jack Buckingham. His body was found in an Amsterdam canal. To me, Philip Turner, the police theory of suicide wasn't conceivable—despite a letter, signed "Leonie" and apparently breaking off an affair, that was found in his pocket.

I went to Amsterdam to make my own inquiries, taking a man named Martin Coxon with me. Coxon was one of the few people who knew Buckingham, the man who had been my brother's companion. Like Leonie, Buckingham had disappeared.

Unfortunately, Coxon was compelled to return home after a couple of days, and when I picked up Leonie Winter's trail I had to follow it on my own. She was staying in Capri with a wealthy widow named Charlotte Weber. Mme Weber was fond of company—her house was full of guests, including a particularly unpleasant artist called Nicolo da Cossa. I introduced myself there as Philip Norton.

One member of the party intrigued me greatly—a yachtsman called Charles Sanbergh. He fitted perfectly the only description I had of Buckingham. I wrote to Coxon, asking him to come and make the identification.

It was soon after this that I found myself alone in the villa, with the chance to search Leonie's room. . . . I felt taut and nervous as I went quickly through her things. In her dressing-table there was a half-finished letter to her mother in which she had written: "One good thing, Holland ended everything."

I had just put the letter down when a movement by the door made me swing round. Nicolo da Cossa was standing there, watching me. . . .

PART FOUR

"It's Your Word Against Mine"

DA COSSA said: "I fear Leonie has little valuable jewellery. Perhaps I can direct you to Mme Weber's room?"

"Has she something better?" I said. "Of course, you'll know about that."

The shock was running out to my hands now. It left me feeling boneless.

He smiled spitefully. "I know about it, but

I am not a thief. I do not abuse the hospitality of my friends."

I looked round. "Well, I've finished here. Let's go down and drink a glass of sherry while we discuss it."

"There is nothing to discuss, *signore*. Except how quickly you can get off this island."

I shut the drawer. "What are you doing here yourself?"

"You thought I was on the beach? Sometimes I have migraine. Now, please, go down."

I went to the door and out. He followed me down. I turned through into the big drawing-room and picked up my glass. "Sherry?"

"Thank you." I could see he was enjoying this. "I shall tell Mme Weber, of course, as soon as she comes in. I think perhaps I shall leave it to her to tell Leonie."

"You're not going to call in the police?"

He crossed and took the second glass from me. "Why be vindictive?"

"Especially when you've no proof."

"That is so."

"In fact, it's only your word against mine in telling Mme Weber."

"She and I are old friends. Besides, what have I to gain?"

"You might think you had something to gain."

He stared at me with his big, sombre eyes. "Tell me what."

"You might be uneasy over my friendship with Charlotte Weber."

"With an old woman? You must be insane."

"A wealthy woman who regards you as her pet artist."

He showed me his teeth. "You flatter yourself, *signore*. I have not seen your work, but you are a confessed amateur, a Sunday-painter. Charlotte is too wise in her judgment not to know shoddy stuff when she sees it."

Glass in hand, I walked over to stare at his pastel of the Faraglioni rocks. "I should have thought her very liable to be taken in by the fake and the sham."

Outside there was a sound of grinding gears as a bus drew away from the gate. A few moments later, there was the pad of quick feet and Jane's voice and then Leonie's and Hamilton White's. They were back, but luckily did not come into the room. We heard their feet on the stairs.

Da Cossa had come over to me. "I should be happy if you would explain what you say."

"That isn't your picture, is it?"

He raised his hand. "Look for yourself," he



We settled ourselves on the springy turf, with

said. "It is signed. What more do you want?"

"To have seen you paint it."

"I'm sorry. I can't oblige."

"Nor could you have. The thing's a bit florid for my taste, but it's painted by a man who knows every trick in the trade. It's thoroughly expert."

"Quite so. I—"

"I saw you painting on the quay yesterday. You just haven't the technique to do a job like this. I'd stake my life on it."

He stared up at me. He was near enough for me to smell the scented oil on his hair. I said: "In the ordinary way it wouldn't be my business, but I should guess you wanted to impress Mme Weber, so you bought this from some down-and-out artist and . . . perhaps others, too. Are there others?"

He said: "And the proof?"

"Your word against mine. But I could sow the doubt."

We faced each other like two bristling dogs, each waiting for the other to bite. Then we heard the tapping of a stick.

"Well, that's fine, you've stopped on, Philip," said Mme Weber. "We need another man for lunch. There's baby octopus, d'you mind? I've a weakness. You two artists been exchangin' trade secrets, no doubt? Darlin' Nicolo, is your head better?"

In a minute the room seemed full of people and dogs. Just as Charlotte Weber and



the sea moving a thousand feet below us. Leonie turned to me, and smiled: "Talking of yesterday," she said. "Why did you try to rush things?"

Mademoiselle Henriot came in from the loggia, Leonie and Jane entered by the ordinary door. Leonie looked surprised to see me and just for a second not too sure of herself.

I sat next to her at lunch. Towards the end I said: "I think I started off on the wrong foot yesterday. D'you think we might scrap the record and begin again?"

"... Very well. If you feel that way."

"I wondered if you would come for a walk with me this afternoon."

I watched her long, clear-skinned fingers as they broke a stick of bread. She hadn't looked at me during this. "A walk?"

"Yes, I thought it might be pleasant as there's a breeze today. We could start off and see where we should get to."

"I can tell you. Into the sea. The island is only four miles long. There are very few level places at all."

"Then let's climb."

WE climbed up to Anacapri and then took the path to La Migliara. She was in a frock today, with green suede sandals, and a wide-brimmed beach hat. Having seen that four-year-old photograph, I saw she was fine-drawn now. You could understand the paragraph in her letter about having slept seven hours. It must have been quite an achievement. And why?

After a time I said: "Tell me, *were* they

photographs of your half-sisters you were showing that Italian family yesterday?"

She stopped to pick a sprig of broom.

"I rather supposed you'd ask Charlotte Weber."

"She told me without asking. Anyway, if you've had one husband only, and a child, and lost them both in that way, why put on such a terrific act for my benefit?"

She sniffed the broom delicately. "It wasn't an act. I didn't think you really wanted to know."

"No," I said. "I see that. I'm sorry."

She glanced at me. "Thank you for saying one sincere thing, Philip."

"Am I such a rotten actor?"

"I don't know. I don't know the play."

I said: "There's no play. One ad-libs as one goes along. That's life."

She said quietly: "Oh, I grant you it all. You say your lines and what does it matter if they're messy and meaningless? Nothing at all."

"Well, it can matter."

"When?"

"When it cuts in on someone else who's had the wit or the luck to contrive a pattern that makes sense."

"Are you thinking of a special case?"

I didn't answer, and we walked on until we came rather unexpectedly to some bars across the path. There the path ended, and so it

seemed did the earth. We'd come to the edge of a sheer cliff that fell away about a thousand feet into the sea.

A sudden eddy of wind met us, and she put up a hand to her hat. "This is the end of our walk."

As we stood there, the world felt very empty, and two seagulls wheeling and crying didn't help to fill it. The sea was finely wrinkled, like thumb-prints under a magnifying glass. There was a fishing boat and two men in it, one with a red handkerchief round his head.

She dropped the sprig of broom. At first it seemed to cling to the ragged cliff among the other wild flowers, but then it went circling down, getting smaller until it reached the sea. She turned away. "Phew! That makes me dizzy."

After a few seconds I followed her and sat about a yard away on the springy turf. I thought of the letter of hers I'd read this morning. And Grevil's handkerchief in her case.

She took off her hat and put it beside her and shook her hair. The bit of light fringe fell back provocatively over her forehead. "How long have you been painting?"

"Oh. . . pretty long."

"All your life?"

"Until these last few years."

"You don't do it for a living?"

For a second or so I examined in my own

mind whether I wanted to explain anything more about this to her. I decided I didn't. But confidence might breed confidence.

"I decided my painting wasn't good enough to carry on with. Perhaps I wanted too much."

"I can certainly understand that," she said.

"Oh, you mustn't judge everything by yesterday."

She smiled: "Talking of yesterday, why did you try to rush things? Was it because of your opinion of me or because of your opinion of yourself?"

"Neither, as it happens."

She waited. I said: "Where do you live in England?"

"Mainly, in London."

"With your father and mother?"

SHE shook her head. "No. My father was killed in the war. My mother has married again, and I have two half-sisters in spite of your mistrustful mind. But I work and have my own flat."

"And you swim?"

"I hate to think how much you'll know by the end of the portrait."

"You haven't the arms one expects of a swimmer," I said.

She put one hand up to cover the other arm. "You've old-fashioned ideas in some things—if not in others. Would you ever like to jump over a place like this?"

"Not much."

"I used to love diving, and it would be that sensation you would get, wouldn't it, only a

hundred times more so. Like an arrow falling."

"At this distance you'd blunt the point."

She stared at the horizon. Her eyes looked young. "Yes. . . . Pity."

I said: "It might be worth trying sometime when you're tired of life. It would certainly be more dramatic than dying in bed. . . . or, for that matter, in some back street or dirty canal."

There was dead silence for a bit. I hadn't meant to blurt it out. She slowly took her hand away from her arm. "So that explains everything."

"Explains what?"

"You *are* a relative of his."

It's queer how the exchange of a dozen words can make and break something so quickly. "His brother. Did you suspect it?"

"Of course, to begin with. You're so like him—*younger, broader*; but the same *shape* of shoulders, your eyes, voice. And then I thought it was just nerves, imagination." She stood up. "Well, tell me what you want to know, and then I can go."

"How he died."

"I know nothing about that."

"You mean you don't know how it happened."

"I mean I know nothing about it."

The breeze was blowing one lapel of her frock, covering her throat and then uncovering it again.

I said: "Sit down. We can talk about it quietly."

"No, thanks."

"Don't you think I'm entitled to ask?"

"I don't think you're entitled to go about it the way you have. If you wanted to know about Grevil, it was less than ever necessary to—to. . . ." She stared angrily at the sea.

I said: "How was I to know what you would be like? He'd never even mentioned you to me."

"He didn't have much chance."

"When did you first meet him?"

She shook her head but didn't answer.

"Leonie, you must tell me. When did you first meet him?"

"In Holland. A month ago."

I got up too, stood beside her. "You're telling me you met Grevil for the first time only a few days before his death?"

"Of course I am. What did you think?"

"I think it's impossible—"

"Well, you're perfectly entitled to—"

"No," I said, catching her arm as she was turning away. "Listen. How can you expect me to believe that? How do you explain the letter?"

"What letter?"

"The one that was found on him—that said everything was over between you."

LEONIE got her arm free and stared at me. "I didn't know any letter *was* found on him. . . . Do you mean"—her eyes changed—"the one I wrote?"

"Didn't you leave it for him before you left?"

She had gone very white. "No. . . . Oh, yes. But—was that how you traced me?"

"Partly."

"So you thought—is that what you think?"

"What do you suppose I should think?"

She took a breath. "But it—it's beyond belief that. . . ."

She stopped again and didn't seem able to continue.

"It's beyond belief to me," I said. "I don't see why it should be to you."

"And how has that. . . . Do the police know

about it? Do they think it had something to do with his death?"

"If you were the police," I said, "what would you say?"

She had dropped her hat and now she picked it up, dusting bits of dry grass off it. I watched her mouth.

She said: "Tell me exactly what the police think."

"That Grevil committed suicide because of his love affair with a woman called Leonie, which she ended by writing him the letter that was found on his body."

"And do you believe that?"

"No, I never have. At least, knowing Grevil I didn't believe it possible, until I saw you."

"What difference did that make?"

"It occurred to me that over a woman like yourself it was just on the cards."

She looked thoughtfully at me, then her glance flickered away. I said: "You don't deny having written the letter?"

"Of course not."

"Why did you write it?"

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe me."

"Supposing you try."

She made an impatient gesture. I said: "You must tell me. It's vital."

"I knew Grevil barely two days. I'm certain when he died he'd not even read the letter."

"Yet you believe he killed himself."

"Isn't it for the police to say?"

"If they can. It's still more for the people who were on the spot."

"I wasn't on the spot—or near it. If I had been—"

"Why didn't you go to the police and make a statement as soon as you heard—if you've nothing to hide?"

"I didn't hear of it until I was in Naples. And I didn't say I had nothing to hide."

I TURNED to her and said: "Now look, my dear, we've got to get this straight. If you don't answer me you'll have to answer the police."

"Do they know where I am?"

"Not yet."

"But you're going to tell them?"

"It depends."

"I couldn't help them, Philip."

"We could decide that better if you told me what you know."

"I. . . . don't think I can. It involves someone else and I—" she stopped.

"It involves someone else?"

"Yes, I—" She glanced about as if trying to see a way out. "Philip, I *can't* say much now. I've got to have a few hours to see round it. I'd no idea, honestly I'd not the ghost of an idea. . . . certainly not that the police had found my letter. That's all very well, you may think, but they did, and now it's time for you to tell what you know. I know it is, and if it was the police asking me I'd have no second wind at all. But Philip, you're *not* the police, and I want to ask you. . . . perhaps till tomorrow. If you called in the police they wouldn't be here till then, so it won't be much delay. . . ."

She turned her eyes on me, and we looked at each other pretty straightly for what seemed a long time. I knew I was going to think badly of myself if I gave way.

"Yes," I said.

She smiled a bit then, doubtfully, but not at all with the look of yesterday. I was going to say something else when I heard a dog barking.

In the distance, along the path we'd followed, a man was coming our way. Among the rough stones two big dogs were rooting about, waving their tails, making the most of their freedom. The man was Charles Sanbergh.

I wondered if she'd seen him before I did. I came to the conclusion that she had.

I knew I'd been a fool to spring this on her



I turned to da Cossa. "That isn't your picture, is it?" He raised his hand. "Look for yourself," he said. "It is signed. What more do you want?"



I introduced them. Leonie was quiet and cold. "Philip has been talking of you, Mrs. Winter," said Martin. He didn't say any more: that was enough

and then give her breathing space to recover. Before he came up, she got her compact out and made some repairs, but she couldn't hide the look in her eyes, and that, I think, warned him we hadn't been discussing the scenery. We walked back together making heavy weather of it. The ill-feeling between him and me could hardly have been more obvious.

Somehow we began to talk about the Blue Grotto; perhaps she'd been looking for a harmless topic of conversation, and when she asked me I said that I hadn't seen it, because I always fought shy of the accepted wonders of the world.

She said: "Well, it's often overrun with tourists, but it's very impressive at the right

times. Charles was saying—weren't you—that a good time is in the very early morning, just as the sun comes up."

CHARLES SANBERGH said: "I should have thought it would have appealed to an artist interested in colour. You should take the opportunity before you leave. It may not occur again."

"Perhaps I will, before I leave."

"And that, I imagine, will be soon."

"I've no idea." Our eyes met.

"We should go one morning," Leonie put in.

I said to her: "We must try it together."

Sanbergh picked up a stone and threw it for

Gimbel. It was a good throw but a trifle vicious and Gimbel went ploughing into somebody's vines. "And how is the portrait of Mme Weber coming along? We've seen nothing of it yet."

"Did you expect to?"

"No, frankly, I didn't."

Leonie said: "Philip has only had a couple of hours so far."

"And I shall probably need at least one more morning before I do any painting at all."

"Mme Weber is an extremely busy woman," said Sanbergh.

"I can wait."

Sanbergh looked straight at me. "I always

Continued on page 36

Housewives give the dream house a working test

by DAVID MILLWOOD

As they polish floors or take their baths, the scientists look on. It's part of Richard Bateson's plan to find the ideal home



AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG housewife at Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire, was preparing to take a bath recently when she saw a man peering in through the window. She calmly waved him away, and his place was taken by a woman.

The man was no Peeping Tom, but a scientist employed by the Building Research station at Boreham Wood. The housewife, a volunteer, was carrying out her everyday tasks in a replica of her house, built in the laboratory.

The man in charge of the experiments is Richard Bateson, a fifty-one year old civil servant with the rank of principal scientific officer, a salary of £1,500 a year, and an office in Baker Street, London. His aim is to help architects to design for the family's needs.

Bateson first chooses a typical house or flat, usually of a type built in large numbers by local authorities. After a preliminary survey by a team of observers, he reconstructs the house, complete with furniture and fittings, in his laboratory, and invites half a dozen housewives, who are paid 2s. 6d. an hour, to take part in the tests.

Almost Tumbled Downstairs

Each housewife works alone, and by studying her at work, recording the time she takes on each task and noting how often she uses doors, cupboards and stairs, Bateson and his team are helping to cut down drudgery. His observations are passed on to the Ministry of Housing and to architects.

Bateson likes to test the replica houses himself first. He spent a day and night with his wife and son in his latest model of a three-bedroom council house "to get the feel of it." In the middle of the night he got up for a glass of water. Stepping out of the bedroom into the corridor, he fumbled for the light switch, lost his balance and almost fell downstairs.

"It taught me the importance of having switches in the right places," he says. "That's a point too many architects neglect."

Three years ago, Bateson's tests of kitchens at a block of flats in Pimlico, London, which were then considered the last word in efficient planning, revealed that the design was far from perfect. By modifying it, he cut down the housewife's movements by one quarter.

His Design Cut The Costs

Changes he made included elimination of the dresser in favour of a cupboard-and-drawer fitment under the draining board, and concentration of all accommodation for utensils and equipment around the work centre—cooker, sink and work-top. He rearranged the furniture to give wall space for a table, reduced heights of cupboards and shelves to bring them easily within reach of women of average height, and abolished the gas-meter cupboard as an unnecessary space-waster. The meter was placed under a shelf by the cooker.

The modifications—which knocked £12 off the cost of construction—freed more floor space and made it possible for the room to be used as a dining-kitchen. All the housewives found the new layout easier to work in—"although one," says Bateson, "preferred the original because it was the same as she had been used to."

Another declared that the design was not really so important; it was the way a housewife organized her work that counted.

"When we came to analysing her performance, we found she had spent longer than any of the other housewives on doing the same amount of work. And she was tired out at the end of it, too."

Bateson agrees that organization of the work

Bateson (left) and Attenburrow study a woman at work. Most housewives, they say, use a door every two minutes, and walk about a mile a day



Children take part in Bateson's tests, which are often held in replicas of actual homes. One child was so deceived that she hunted for her toys



A scientist takes notes while a housewife does her cooking. Careful arrangement of equipment helped Bateson to cut movements by a quarter

is important, but maintains that the design of the home—its "liveability" and "workability"—is most important of all. He is often asked what he considers are basic principles for an easy-to-run kitchen.

"Above all," he says, "it should be pleasant to work in." It should have good natural and artificial lighting ("a strong, high-placed light over the sink and cooker is ideal"); sink and cooker within arm's reach of each other and with utensils close by; "parking" space both sides of the cooker with room for pot-handles; doors thoughtfully placed so that they do not open into each other; space for a free-standing table ("for kitchen meals and jobs which can't be done at work-top height"); and the whole room arranged to allow the family to pass through without interfering with the cooking.

According to Bateson, the housewife spends three-quarters of her working time in the kitchen, walks on average about a mile a day, uses a door once every two minutes (but seldom closes one behind her) and does too much unnecessary running about—particularly quick visits of a few seconds' duration to the kitchen.

With few exceptions, the volunteer housewives soon get used to the faces at the window and become unconscious of being watched. The replica is made as realistic as possible; the scientists provide books, flowers and magazines, also toys and games for the children under school age who accompany their mothers and take part in the tests. One little girl on her first day at the model house could not understand why her teddy-bear was not in the usual cupboard. "It was there yesterday," she said.

Coal Was Dumped In Garden

Bateson's present model is of a three-bedroom terrace house which has a fuel store within the living area. It is an exact replica of houses in a modern council estate at Ilford, Essex. He found that the extra cleaning involved makes the store more trouble than it is worth. "Many people give up using it for fuel and have the coal dumped in the back garden."

Three observers sit at downstairs windows of the model with notebooks and pencils and electric counters which click over every fifteen seconds; electrically sensitive floors record the

housewife's movements; counters similar to bicycle milometers, which are fitted to door frames, add up the times each door is used; and an electronic eye sets warning lights flashing at the observation points whenever the housewife begins to go upstairs. When this happens, the observers scramble for an external staircase and rush up to the first floor.

Housewife Tried To Hide

"In practice," says Bateson, "the system has its snags. There are one or two places in the house which can't be kept under observation. One housewife took delight in playing hide-and-seek with the observers, racing them to the first floor and disappearing in one of the bedrooms before she was spotted. We had to remind her gently that *we* weren't doing it for fun and that she was upsetting our calculations."

The electrically sensitive floors, which Bateson and John Attenburrow, his thirty-four year old assistant, devised themselves, consist of mats out of sight under the carpet or lino. Pressure on the mat makes a contact which is noted on a moving paper strip at the control panel outside.

Bateson has a similar mat in his London office, unknown to the charwomen, whose early-morning movements he studies "in the interests of scientific research."

The sensitive floors, which are cheap and simple to make, are typical of Bateson's equipment. In some ways, his department is the Cinderella of the Building Research station, which spends half a million pounds a year; only a small fraction of that total is allocated to Bateson's work.

"Mostly we adapt government surplus stores, equipment left over from previous experiments and anything we can lay our hands on—including our children's Meccano sets."

When Bateson began his housewife study four years ago, his bosses in Whitehall and even his own superiors at the Building Research station were doubtful about its value. Today, although he has not overcome all the scepticism ("some people still think we are a little mad") the

Housing Ministry, leading architects and many housing committees listen respectfully and modify their plans to meet his recommendations.

"We don't attempt to teach architects their job," he says, "but to provide them with the results of our studies and methods of testing their own designs before building."

He admits, however, that there are times when he wonders that architects do not pay more attention to the needs of the family. One of his observers engaged on a survey of council houses fell down a staircase recently when he stepped back to open the linen cupboard door. Houses are still being built with light switches, power points and cupboard handles placed according to the builder's whim instead of the housewife's convenience.

"People should not have to adapt themselves to their homes, but have homes designed to suit them," says Bateson.

New House Awaits A Test

It was with this principle in mind, and with the results of his investigations before him, that he designed a three-bedroom terrace house and built it by the side of the existing one in his laboratory. The new model, corresponding to the other in size and shape but completely altered inside, has so far not been tested. Bateson plans to invite the same group of housewives who tested the original to try out his modified version.

Attenburrow has asked that one particularly conscientious woman be excepted, partly for her own sake. He remembers the sweltering hot day last summer when she kept him and two other observers at their posts while she gave the house a thorough clean out.

"We had asked her to stick to the same routine as she observed at home on the same day," Attenburrow says. "Half-way through the afternoon she was still slogging away, but we were tired out. She kept us chasing up and down stairs until finally I asked her if she had almost finished. She said she still had a bit more to do. 'You see, today's Friday, and I always scrub the kitchen floor on a Friday.' I had to admire her, for I knew that when she got home she would have the same work to do all over again."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Was he under a spell? Had an evil spirit possessed him? He must see the medicine-man or lose his job, his money, and . . .

The girl with the butterfly ear-rings

by JONAS LAMPTEY

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNN

THE MANAGER OF THE West African Steamship Company in Port Jack looked out of his third-storey office window and, with a wave of his hand, indicated the busy colonial capital. "Look at it," he said to the ungainly African youth in khaki shorts and open-necked shirt who stood before him. "Fifty years ago it was a collection of mud huts. The unhealthiest spot in the world. People with any sense kept away. And look at it now! Fine stone buildings! Streets full of traffic! Fine roads and schools! And you come and talk of medicine-men."

Kojo Frimpong, office messenger, continued to stare down at his feet. He stood simply, his hands behind his back. In the droop of his underlip was sullen resentment.

The manager's words were lost upon him. He only knew that he was ill. It wasn't a simple case of fever or stomach trouble. It was some mysterious influence draining away his whole strength, life itself. The only thing to save him was a visit to old Yow Breffo, the medicine-man in the village of his birth, a hundred miles away. The old man had cured him once before. For this a week's absence was required, and the manager would not hear of it.

"We don't give time off for juju palaver. If you're really ill, you can go to the hospital. And the company will pay your expenses." The manager was brisk, very certain of himself.

"Didn't you go to school?" he demanded from behind his desk. "Didn't you learn not to believe in all that humbug? You make me tired. What's wrong with you, anyway?"

Kojo Frimpong only wished he knew. It might be that the spirit of his deceased mother was troubling him, as on the previous occasion, and that some sacrifice was required; or that someone who wanted his job had cursed him; or that he had unwittingly wronged someone—an easy thing to do in this big, bustling, overcrowded town—who, in revenge, had had him put under a spell. The possibilities were endless, and only an expert could sort them out.

At a loss for words, he hung his head. Any attempt to explain would only irritate the manager further.

"Come along," said the manager. "I haven't got all day, you know. What is it? Belly-ache, toothache, headache—which?"

With an effort the boy raised his head.

"My health is not good, please."

"My God!" said the manager quietly, and

wiped his face. "You'd try the patience of a saint. Go and see the doctor. It won't cost you anything. Cheaper than one of your medicine-men, eh? Go along to the hospital now. I'll give you a note. They'll fix you up. And for the Lord's sake, smarten up a bit. We only want smart boys here, you know."

In a few days, of course, the manager would dismiss him. In those last words was an unmistakable warning. It was all part of the fate which had come upon him. Kojo Frimpong could no longer eat, he was growing thin, and the least effort tired him. He muddled messages, made stupid mistakes, went into dream-like trances. He quarrelled with the other messengers, he quarrelled with his uncle in whose house he lodged. . . . He supposed that one day he would forget himself in front of the manager.

He was also losing his chances of promotion to senior messenger. Senior messengers, in addition to earning five shillings a month extra, had the privilege of practising on the office typewriters outside working hours, and as soon as they could type they had a chance of promotion to the honoured status of clerk. But for Kojo Frimpong these prospects were fading.

And there was Effuah, the girl in the neighbouring compound. He was fond of Effuah. She was small and pretty, and during the day he often thought of her, with her coloured silk scarf tied round her hair, her ear-rings in the form of golden butterflies, and the smile which sometimes shone out at him when he approached. But he would not be seeing that smile any more if he was stupid enough to lose his job, or if he stayed too long as a messenger.

No white doctor would cure him of his troubles. White people knew nothing of the spirit world. They were conscious only of superficial, tangible ills. Fundamentals were outside their knowledge. Everyone knew, for instance, that the bad smell by the lagoon was caused by the evil spirits whom the fetish priests consigned there. But instead of making a law to forbid this practice, the municipality had spent thousands of pounds on digging more drains.

Despondently, he took the manager's note and went along passages and down staircases to the ground floor. He passed large offices where clerks in shirt-sleeves sat at typewriters, answering correspondence from across the world. In this white stone temple of modern commerce there

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Effuah stood watching him



anxiously. "Kojo, are you sick?" she said. He didn't know what to reply. If he told her the truth, she was sure to think he had been stupid

Our nightmare descent from the top of the world

The summit at last! Now we must face the most dangerous climb of all, back down those deadly Everest slopes. Our oxygen was low, we were exhausted—and one slip would start an avalanche



I WATCHED OUR SUPPORT party disappear down the ridge, and then turned to examine our camp site more closely. It wasn't really much of a place. Tenzing and I were 1,100 feet below the summit and directly above us was a rock cliff—black and craggy, but at least devoid of loose stones to fall on us. From the foot of the cliff a little snow slope ran at an easy angle for eight or nine feet to the top of the steep and exposed south face of the mountain. This little slope was to be our camp site. It was certainly far from flat, and it was going to need a lot of work before we could possibly pitch a tent.

Carefully we moved all the gear to one side and then set to work with our ice-axes to remove the surface snow off a reasonably large area. Ten inches down we struck rock, and after half an hour's hard work we had cleared an area about eight feet long and six feet wide.

With the debris we chopped out of the slope, we tried to build up the platform on the downhill side, but almost invariably we saw it collapse and go roaring down over the bluffs below. We worked doggedly on, knowing that our tent was our only chance of survival against the rigours of the night.

Almost Lost Tent Poles

By 5 p.m. we had managed to construct two little terraces side by side, each about seven feet long and three feet wide. We unrolled the tent and almost lost the poles over the edge in the process. Then we pulled the tent up so that it straddled the two ledges, and set to work to anchor it.

I tried driving aluminium tent pegs into the frozen slope, but they simply bent and refused to penetrate at all. In desperation my eye lighted on some of our oxygen bottles. I carried several of them a couple of yards away and then stamped and packed them firmly down. I attached the main guyrope round them and pulled the tent up. It didn't seem too bad.

I climbed along to Tenzing's end. He had been tackling the problem in a different manner. On the bluff above were a number of smooth fingers of rock pointing straight outwards—certainly nothing over which you could hitch a line. But round these jutting fingers Tenzing had tied a web of rope, hoping that friction would keep it in place. I wasn't too confident that it would withstand hours of battering from the wind, but it would have to do. We put all our personal gear inside the

Sir Edmund with his wife Louise and their son Peter Edmund. A solicitor's daughter, she was a music student—and fond of mountaineering



The expedition celebrates victory on the road to Kathmandu. Hillary (far left), Tenzing (centre) and Hunt were garlanded by the Nepalese

tent and then Tenzing crawled in to start our stove and prepare some food and drink.

It was now about 6 p.m. and the view in every direction was superb. Far below us was the Western Cwm, already filling with the gloom of night. And on the South Col I could just pick out the tiny group of tents flapping furiously in the eternal South Col wind.

A soft purr from inside the tent showed that Tenzing had succeeded in lighting the paraffin stove. This was good news, for we regarded ample supplies of liquid as a prime essential.

I set to work to check the oxygen supplies. The whole plan of attack assumed that Tenzing and I would start from Camp 8 with two full bottles of oxygen each, and use it at the rate of four litres a minute. We thought that this flow rate should be the minimum if we were to have a good chance to get to the top. I sorted through the bottles and my heart sank. I checked them all again—yes, I was right. We had only two full bottles left, and two about two-thirds full. I knew that we had used some of the assault oxygen on the way up, but I hadn't realized just how much.

Had Only Four Hours' Sleep

Aghast, I did some mental arithmetic: at four litres a minute we had only about five and a half hours of oxygen left. It wasn't going to be anywhere near enough. Then I remembered how well we had come up with heavy loads on four litres a minute. Perhaps we could manage on three litres a minute. This would give us just over seven hours' endurance, which might be enough.

I planned to use the large black oxygen bottle that Gregory had carried up, for sleeping purposes. But when I looked for the special adaptor that we had brought up for it, I couldn't

find it anywhere. Someone must have carried it down again, so the oxygen in the bottle was useless to us. I examined the remaining partly filled bottles of oxygen. There were three, but only enough oxygen in them to give us four hours of sleep at one litre of oxygen per minute. I decided to space this through the night from 9 to 11 p.m. and from 1 to 3 p.m.

We had one fact in our favour. While Bourdillon and Evans were on the first assault, they jettisoned two partly-filled bottles of oxygen on the ridge about three hundred feet above us. If we could find these, and if they still contained some oxygen, they would prove a valuable addition to our limited endurance.

Despite the uneven floor, our tent looked quite roomy. Tenzing was sitting on the upper ledge at the far end with the cooker on the bottom ledge between his feet. A thin cloud of steam was coming from the pot. He smiled and asked me what I would like to drink. As I settled myself into the tent, the tempting aroma of chicken noodle soup surrounded us, and before long we were drinking it with relish.

Out came all our delicacies—we had sardines on biscuits, fresh dates and pint after pint of hot lemon drink crammed with sugar. As a special treat, I produced my tin of apricots and Tenzing opened it with his tin opener. He tipped it upside down, but instead of delicious fruit, all that emerged was a solid block of ice. However, a short dose of treatment in a saucepan over the stove soon made it highly edible and we ate it slowly, lingering over the flavour. But our main sustenance was our hot lemon drink fortified with heaps of sugar.

When we had finally eaten all we wanted, and drunk all our bodies could hold, we started settling down for the night.

I took a last look outside the tent door and

dragged our sleeping-oxygen inside. Tenzing spread his sleeping-bag out and started to crawl inside—boots and all.

As soon as he was out of the way, I started my own preparations. I blew up my air mattress and pushed it into the narrow space on the upper ledge. Then I debated what to do about my boots. During the day, my feet had become quite wet with perspiration, so I changed into dry socks. I didn't know whether to wear my boots inside my sleeping-bag and so have an uncomfortable night and warm boots in the morning, or to have a comfortable night and frozen boots. The flesh was weak and I decided on a comfortable night. I put on warm down socks and then wriggled inside my bag.

I connected up an oxygen bottle to our sleeping-masks and turned the oxygen on. Then I handed a mask to Tenzing, put my own on and wriggled deeper into my bag. Tenzing turned out the stove and the tent suddenly became dark.

Questions Pounded My Brain

As I lay there breathing slowly and deeply on our tiny supply of oxygen, my mind drifted automatically to the next day. There were so many questions to answer: would we be able to climb on three litres of oxygen a minute and, even at this, would we have enough endurance? Was the weather going to be fine? And, anyway, if we did get to the South Summit, would we be able to make a route along the summit ridge—the ridge about which Evans and Bourdillon had painted such a gloomy picture? I didn't know any of the answers and told myself that there was only one way to find out.

Everything outside was still and quiet, and lying in the darkness inside the tent it was difficult to realize where we were—camped on

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

a narrow ledge far higher than anyone had ever camped before.

All of a sudden I heard a whistling roar from higher up the ridge. I braced myself quickly with my shoulders against the upper wall of the tent and my feet pressed hard against the lower terrace. Next moment, a gust of wind hit us like a battering ram and the whole tent shook and swayed. Tenzing started up in alarm as the gust reached a crescendo of fury; then, to our relief, it died away completely.

Ten minutes later I had to brace myself again as another gust signalled its approach by a roar like an express train high above.

With monotonous regularity the gusts thrashed at us. After a time, the fact that the tent seemed to be withstanding them reasonably well subdued our worried feelings, and under the beneficent effects of the oxygen we went off into a light doze.

Shuddered With Cold

I awoke suddenly with my mind clear and active, but my body shuddering with the cold. I realized immediately that our bottle of oxygen must have run out. There was a deathly quiet everywhere, broken only by Tenzing turning restlessly inside his sleeping-bag. I looked at the dial of my watch—it was eleven o'clock. The wind seemed to have dropped completely. I asked Tenzing if he was cold and he said, "Yes."

We were spending the next two hours without oxygen, and there was no sense in being too miserable. I knew that we had a reasonable supply of paraffin so I told Tenzing that we might as well get the cooker going and try to warm ourselves up with a hot drink. Before long, our faithful

stove was steadily melting ice. I was feeling a bit hungry so I rummaged round for some biscuits and piled hard granulated honey on to them. Any form of sugar, so long as it wasn't too sickly, tasted good to me. And then we started drinking again—great mugs of "lemonade." In this way the hours passed quickly. Soon it was time for our second dose of oxygen.

While Tenzing put the cooker away, I connected up another bottle, and then we settled down again. I was feeling pretty stiff from lying hunched up against the wall of the tent on one elbow, but the oxygen enabled me to forget most of this, and the cold, and I dozed once more.

It was absolutely still outside when our oxygen finally ran out at about 3 p.m. I lay there for a long time, miserably cold. At four o'clock I forced myself to move. I struggled out of the sleeping-bag and started to undo the tent door. I looked out on to a cold, hard world, but a beautiful one.

Tenzing was staring over my shoulder and suddenly grunted and pointed downwards: "Thyangboche." Sure enough, there in the great, wide Imja valley we could see the faint outlines of the monastery perched in its lovely setting on top of a great spur. It was about 17,000 feet below us. Already we knew that the monks down there would be performing their early-morning devotions and perhaps, as they had promised to do, they were at this moment praying for our well-being. Our own prayers, at least, seemed to have been answered with a fine day and a chance for the top.

I looked at the thermometer leaning against the wall of the tent. It was reading twenty-seven degrees below zero centigrade. Not too bad

really, for this altitude. Tenzing was working on the cooker once again, so I hauled our two oxygen sets into the tent. The bare metal was terribly cold, but I checked all the connections and the dials, and tested to make sure that the oxygen was flowing freely.

Once again we tackled our food and drink with enthusiasm, trying to get as much liquid into ourselves as we could. The very heavy and quick breathing that such altitudes demand means that the body is expelling a tremendous amount of water vapour in the breath, and unless this is replaced, extreme fatigue and collapse will result. We were determined that this shouldn't happen to us.

I examined my boots. As I had anticipated, they were frozen iron-hard and it was impossible to get them on to my feet. Obviously, drastic measures were called for, so I put the stove between my knees and started to cook my boots in its fierce heat.

Refusing to be cowed by the smell of burning leather and rubber, I ended up with a pair of boots that were somewhat soggy but at least malleable enough to go on to my feet with ease.

I rubbed my face with cream to protect it from the wind and sun, and Tenzing did the same. We were wearing all the clothes we possessed—string singlet, woollen shirt, Shetland wool pullover, woollen underclothes, thick down trousers and jackets and, over them all, strong windproof trousers and jacket with a hood over the head. On our hands we had three pairs of gloves—first silk, then wool, then windproof. To protect our eyes we wore sun-glasses.

We Were Ready To Go

At 6.30 a.m. we crawled slowly out of the tent and stood on our little ledge. Already, the upper part of the mountain was bathed in sunlight. We lifted our oxygen sets on to our backs and slowly connected up the tubes to our face-masks. My thirty-pound load seemed to crush me downwards and stifle all enthusiasm, but when I turned on the oxygen and breathed it deeply, the burden seemed to lighten and the old urge to get to grips with the mountain came back. We strapped on our crampons, tied on our nylon rope, and grasped our ice-axes.

We were ready to go.

I looked at the way ahead. From our tent, very steep slopes covered with deep powder snow led up to a prominent snow shoulder on the south-east ridge about a hundred feet above our heads. The slopes were in the shade, and breaking trail was going to be cold work. Still a little worried about my boots, I asked Tenzing to lead off. Always willing to do his share, and more if necessary, Tenzing tackled the slope. With powerful thrusts of his legs he forced his way up in knee-deep snow. I followed along behind him.

Starting in the morning straight on to exposed climbing is always trying on the nerves, and this was no exception. I seemed clumsy and unstable, my breath was hurried and uneven. But Tenzing was pursuing an irresistible course up the slope and I didn't have time to think too much. My muscles soon warmed up to their work, my nerves relaxed, and I dropped into the old climbing rhythm and followed steadily up his tracks.

Took Over The Lead

Taking no rests, Tenzing ploughed his way up through the deep snow and led out on to the snow shoulder. We were now at a height of 28,000 feet. Towering directly above our heads was the South Summit—steep and formidable. And to the right were the enormous cornices of the summit ridge. We still had a long way to go.

Ahead of us the ridge was sharp and narrow but rose at an easy angle. I felt warm and strong now, so I took over the lead. First I investigated the ridge with my ice-axe. On the sharp crest of the ridge and on the right-hand side loose powder snow was lying dangerously over hard ice. But the left-hand slope was better—it was still rather steep, but it had a firm surface of wind-blown powder snow

into which our crampons would bite readily.

Taking every care, I moved along to the left-hand side of the ridge. Everything seemed perfectly safe. With increased confidence I took another step.

Next moment I was almost thrown off balance as the windcrust suddenly gave way and I sank through it up to my knees. It took me a little while to regain my breath. Then I gradually pulled my leg out of the hole. I was almost upright again when the windcrust under the other foot gave way and I sank back with both legs enveloped in soft, loose snow to the knees. It was the mountaineer's curse—breakable crust.

Found Oxygen Dump

I forced my way along. Sometimes for a few careful steps I was on the surface, but usually the crust would break at the critical moment and I would be up to my knees again. For half an hour I continued on in this uncomfortable fashion, and it was a great relief when the snow condition improved and I was able to stay on the surface.

I came over a small crest and saw in front of me a tiny hollow on the ridge. And in this hollow lay two oxygen bottles almost completely covered with snow. It was Evans's and Boardman's dump.

I rushed forward into the hollow and knelt beside the bottles. Wrenching one of them out of its frozen bed, I wiped the snow off its dial. It showed a thousand pounds pressure—it was nearly a third full of oxygen. I checked the other—it was the same.

This was great news. It meant that the oxygen we were carrying on our backs only had to get us back to these bottles instead of right down to the South Col. It gave us more than another hour of endurance.

I explained this to Tenzing through my oxygen mask. I don't think he understood, but he realized that I was pleased about something and nodded enthusiastically.

I led off again. I knew that there was plenty of hard work ahead, and Tenzing could save his energies for that. The ridge climbed on upwards rather more steeply now. I crossed on to the right-hand side and found that the snow was firm there. I started chipping a long line of steps up to the foot of the great slope. Here we stamped out a platform for ourselves and I checked our oxygen. Everything seemed to be going well.

Snow Route For Us

Ahead of us was a really formidable problem. Rising from our feet was an enormous slope slanting steeply down on to the precipitous east face of Everest and climbing up with appalling steepness to the South Summit of the mountain, four hundred feet above us. The left-hand side of the slope was a most unsavoury mixture of steep loose rock and snow.

The only other route was up the snow itself; still faintly discernible here and there were traces of the track made by the first assault party, who had come down it. It was the snow route for us!

There appeared to be some tough work ahead and as Tenzing had been taking it easy for a while, I half-heartedly waved him through. With his first six steps, I realized that the work was going to be much harder than I had thought.

His first two steps were on top of the snow, the third was up to his ankles and by the sixth he was up to his hips. But, almost lying against the steep slope, he drove himself onwards, ploughing a track directly upwards. After a valiant spell he was plainly in need of a rest, so I took over.

Immediately I realized that we were on dangerous ground. On this very steep slope the snow was soft and deep with little coherence. The only factor that made progress at all possible was a thin crust of frozen snow which tied the whole slope together. But this crust was a poor support.

I was forcing my way upwards, plunging deep steps through it, when

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suddenly, with a dull breaking noise an area of crust all round me, about six feet in diameter, broke off into large sections and slid, with me, back through three or four steps. I stopped, but the crust, gathering speed, slithered on out of sight. It was a nasty shock.

My whole training told me that the slope was exceedingly dangerous, but at the same time I was saying to myself: Ed, my boy, this is Everest—you've got to push it a bit harder!

My solar plexus was tight with fear as I ploughed on. Halfway up I stopped, exhausted. I could look down 10,000 feet between my legs and I have never felt more insecure. Anxiously I waved Tenzing up to me. "What do you think of it, Tenzing?"

The immediate response came: "Very bad, very dangerous!"

"Do you think we should go on?" To this there came the familiar reply that never helped you much but never let you down: "Just as you wish."

I waved him on to take a turn at leading. Changing the lead much more frequently now, we made our unhappy way upwards.

Then I noticed that, a little above us, the left-hand rock ridge turned into snow and the snow looked firm and safe. Laboriously and carefully we climbed across some steep rock and I sank my ice-axe shaft into the snow of the ridge. It went in firm and hard. The pleasure of this safe belay, after all the uncertainty below, was like a reprieve to a condemned man.

Growing Excitement

I swung my ice-axe at the slope and started chipping a line of steps upwards—it was very steep but seemed so gloriously safe. Tenzing, an expert but enthusiastic step-cutter, took a turn and chopped a haphazard line of steps up another pitch. We were making fast time now and the slope was starting to ease off. Tenzing gallantly waved me through, and with a growing feeling of excitement I cramponed up some firm slopes to the rounded top of the South Summit. It was only 9 a.m.

With intense interest I looked at the vital ridge leading to the summit—the ridge about which Evans and Bourdillon had made such gloomy forecasts. At first glance it was an exceedingly impressive and frightening sight. In the narrow crest of this ridge, the basic rock of the mountain had a thin capping of snow and ice—ice that reached out over the east face in enormous cornices, overhanging and treacherous, only waiting for the careless foot of the mountaineer, to break off and crash 10,000 feet to the Kangshung glacier.

From the cornices, the snow dropped steeply to the left to merge with the enormous rock bluffs which towered eight thousand feet above the Western Cwm. It was impressive, all right. But as I looked, my fears started to lift a little. Surely I could see a route there. For the snow slope on the left, although very steep and exposed, was practically continuous for the first half of the ridge, although in places the great cornices reached hungrily across. If we could make a route along there, we could go quite a distance.

Sat On South Summit

With a feeling almost of relief I set to work with my ice-axe and cut a platform for myself just off the top of the South Summit; Tenzing did the same, and then we removed our oxygen sets and sat down. We had a drink out of Tenzing's water bottle and then I checked our oxygen supplies. Tenzing's cylinder was practically exhausted but mine still had a little in it. As well as this, we each had a full cylinder.

I decided that the difficulties ahead would demand as light a weight on our backs as possible, so I determined to use only the full cylinders. I removed Tenzing's empty cylinder and my nearly empty one, and laid them in the snow. With particular care I connected up our last cylinders and tested to see that they were working efficiently. At three litres a minute they would give us a total endurance

of nearly four and a half hours. This didn't seem much for the problems ahead, but I was determined, if necessary, to cut down to two litres a minute for the homeward trip.

I was greatly encouraged to find how, even at 28,700 feet and with no oxygen, I could work out slowly but clearly the problems of mental arithmetic that the oxygen supply demanded. A correct answer was imperative—any mistake could well mean a trip with no return.

With a growing air of excitement I cut a broad and safe line of steps down to the snow saddle below the South Summit. I wanted an easy route when we came back up here weak and tired. Tenzing came down the steps and joined me.

A Sense Of Power

I moved along on to the steep snow slope on the left side of the ridge. With the first blow of my ice-axe, my excitement increased. The snow—to my astonishment—was crystalline and hard. A couple of rhythmic blows of the ice-axe produced a step that was big enough even for our oversize high-altitude boots. But best of all, the steps were strong and safe.

A little conscious of the great drops beneath me, I chipped a line of steps for the full length of the rope. It was exhilarating work—the summit ridge of Everest, the crisp snow and the smooth, easy blows of the ice-axe all combined to give me a greater sense of power than I had ever felt at great altitudes before.

We were now approaching a point where one of the great cornices was encroaching on to our slope. We would have to go down to the rocks to avoid it. I cut a line of steps steeply down the slope to a small ledge on top of the rocks. I waved to Tenzing to join me. As he came down I realized that there was something wrong with him.

I had been so absorbed in the technical problems of the ridge that I hadn't thought much about Tenzing except for a vague feeling that he seemed to move along the steps with unnecessary slowness. But now it was quite obvious that he was not only moving extremely slowly but also breathing quickly and with difficulty, in considerable distress.

Iceicles On His Mask

The first thing I noticed was that from the outlet of his face-mask some long icicles were hanging. I looked more closely and found that the outlet tube—about two inches in diameter—was almost completely blocked up with ice. This was preventing him from exhaling freely and must have made it extremely unpleasant for him.

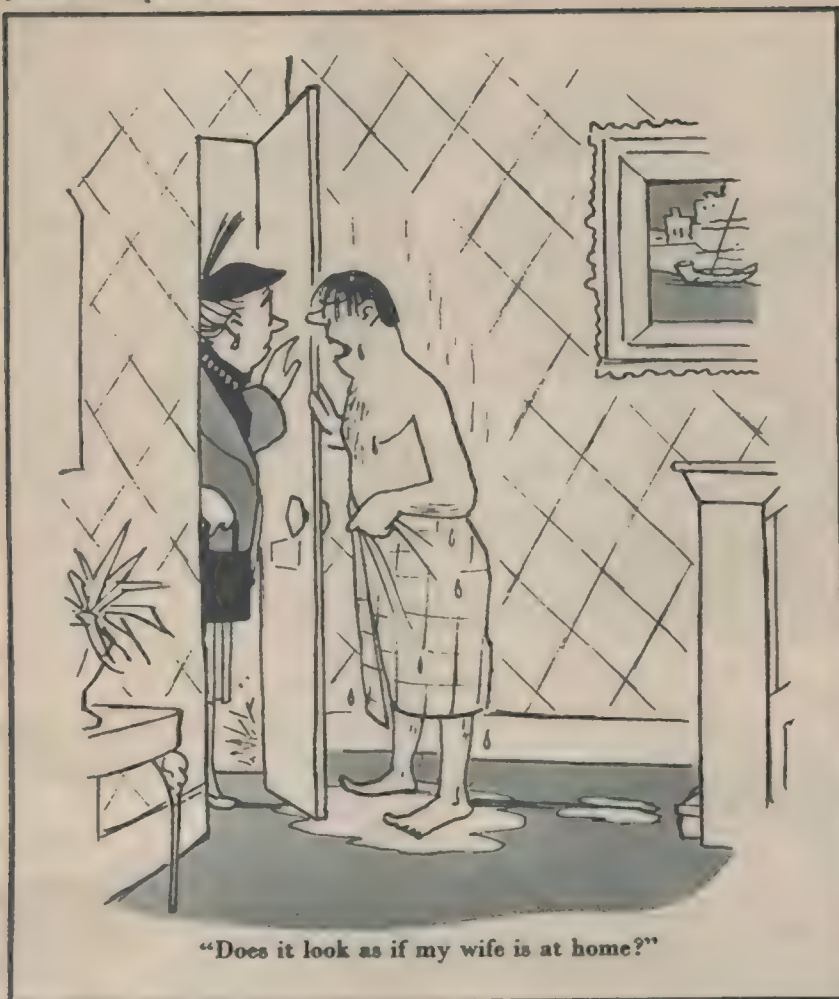
Fortunately, the outlet tube was made of rubber and by manipulating it with my hand I was able to release all the ice and let it fall out. The valves started operating and Tenzing was given immediate relief.

I looked at the route ahead. The next piece wasn't going to be easy. Our rock ledge was perched right on top of the enormous bluff running down into the Western Cwm. Almost under my feet, I could see the dirty patch on the floor of the Cwm which I knew was Camp 4. In a sudden urge to escape our isolation I waved and shouted, and then as suddenly stopped as I realized my foolishness.

Against the vast expanse of Everest, eight thousand feet above them, we would be quite invisible even through the best binoculars. I turned back to the problem ahead. The rock was far too steep to attempt to drop down and go round. The only thing to do was to try to shuffle along the ledge and cut handholds in the bulging ice that was trying to push me off it.

Held on a tight rope by Tenzing, I cut a few handholds and then thrust my ice-axe as hard as I could into the solid snow and ice. Using this to take my weight I moved quickly along the ledge. A few more handholds, another quick swing across them, and I was able to cut a line of steps up on to a safe slope and chop out a roomy terrace from which to belay Tenzing as he climbed up to me.

We were now fast approaching the



"Does it look as if my wife is at home?"

most formidable obstacle on the ridge—a great rock step. This step had always been visible in aerial photographs, and in 1951 on the Everest Reconnaissance we had seen it quite clearly with glasses from Thyangboche. We had always thought of it as the obstacle on the ridge which could well spell defeat.

I cut a line of steps across the last snow slope and then commenced traversing over a steep rock slab that led to the foot of the great step. I climbed across the slab and then dropped down into a tiny snow hollow at the foot of the step. And here Tenzing slowly joined me.

I looked up anxiously at the rocks. Planted squarely across the ridge in a vertical bluff, they looked extremely difficult, and I knew that our strength and ability to climb steep rock at this altitude would be severely limited. Search as I could, I was unable to see an easy route up the step or, in fact, any route at all.

Finally, in desperation, I examined the right-hand end of the bluff. Attached to this and overhanging the precipitous east face was a large cornice. This cornice, in preparation for its inevitable crash down the mountainside, had started to loosen its grip on the rock, and a long, narrow vertical crack had been formed between the rock and the ice. The crack was large enough to take the human frame and I made up my mind quickly—Tenzing had an excellent belay and we must be near the top—it was worth a try.

Mountaineer's Pride

Before attempting the pitch, I produced my camera once again. I had no confidence that I would be able to climb this crack and, with a surge of competitive pride which unfortunately afflicts even mountaineers, I determined to have proof that at least we had reached a good deal higher than the South Summit. I took a few photographs and then made another rapid check of the oxygen. We had three and a half hours left. I examined Tenzing's belay to make sure it was a good one, and then slowly crawled inside the crack.

In front of me was the rock wall, vertical but with a few promising holes. Behind me was the ice wall of the cornice, glittering and hard but

cracked here and there. I took a hold on the rock in front and then jammed one of my crampons hard into the ice behind. Leaning back, with my oxygen set on the ice, I slowly levered myself upwards.

Searching feverishly with my free boot, I found a tiny ledge on the rock and took some of the weight off my other leg. Leaning back on the cornice I fought to regain my breath. Constantly at the back of my mind was the fear that the cornice might break off.

Slowly I forced my way up—wriggling and jamming and using every little hold. And then I found a foothold in a hollow in the ice, and next moment I was reaching over the top of the rock and pulling myself to safety. The rope came tight—its forty feet had been barely enough.

Knew I Would Win

I lay on the little rock ledge, panting furiously. Gradually it dawned on me that I was up the step, and I had a glow of pride and determination that completely subdued my temporary feelings of weakness. For the first time on the whole expedition I really knew that I was going to get to the top. It will have to be pretty tough to stop us now, was my thought.

When I was breathing more evenly I stood up and, leaning over the edge, waved to Tenzing to come up. He moved into the crack and commenced to struggle and jam and force his way up until I was able to pull him to safety—gasping for breath. We rested for a moment.

Above us, the ridge continued as before—enormous overhanging cornices on the right and steep snow slopes on the left running down to the rock bluffs. But the angle of the snow slopes was easing off. I went on chipping a line of steps.

The ridge rose up in a great series of snakelike undulations which bore away to the right, each one concealing the next. I had no idea where the top was. I would cut a line of steps round the side of one undulation and another would come into view.

We were getting desperately tired now, and Tenzing was going very slowly. I had been cutting steps for almost two hours and my back and arms were starting to tire. We seemed to have been going for a very long

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time, and my confidence was fast evaporating.

Bump followed bump with maddening regularity. A patch of shingle barred our way and I climbed dully up it and started cutting steps round another bump. And then I realized that this was the last bump, for ahead of me the ridge dropped steeply away in a great corniced curve, and out in the distance I could see the pastel shades and fleecy clouds of the highlands of Tibet.

To my right, a slender snow ridge climbed up to a snowy dome about forty feet above our heads. But all the way along the ridge the thought had haunted me that the summit might be the crest of a cornice. It was too late to take risks now. I asked Tenzing to belay me strongly and I started cutting a cautious line of steps up the ridge. Peering from side to side and thrusting with my ice-axe, I tried to discover a possible cornice, but everything seemed solid and firm. I waved Tenzing up to me.

A few more whacks of the ice-axe, a few weary steps—and we were on the summit of Everest.

Relief—And Surprise

It was 11.30 a.m. My first sensation was one of relief—relief that the long grind was over; that the summit had been reached before our oxygen supplies had dropped to a critical level; and the relief that in the end the mountain had been kind to us in having a pleasantly rounded cone for its summit instead of a fearsome and unapproachable cornice.

But mixed with the relief was a vague sense of astonishment that I should have been the lucky one to attain the ambition of so many brave and determined climbers. It seemed difficult at first to grasp that we had got there.

I was too tired and too conscious of the long way down to safety to feel any great elation. But as the fact of our success thrust itself more clearly into my mind I felt a quiet glow of satisfaction spread through my body—a satisfaction less vociferous but more powerful than I had ever felt on a mountain top before.

I turned and looked at Tenzing. Even beneath his oxygen mask and the icicles hanging from his hair, I could see his infectious grin of sheer delight. I held out my hand and in silence we shook in good Anglo-Saxon fashion. But this was not enough for Tenzing and impulsively he threw his arm round my shoulders and we thumped each other on the back in mutual congratulation.

Unfurled Our Flags

But we had no time to waste. First I must take some photographs and then we must hurry down. I turned off my oxygen and took the set off my back. I remembered all the warnings that I had had of the possible fatal consequences of this, but for some reason I felt quite confident that nothing serious would result.

I took my camera out of the pocket of my windproof and opened it clumsily with my thickly gloved hands. I shuffled down the ridge a little so that I could get the summit into my viewfinder. Tenzing had been waiting patiently, but now, at my request, he unfurled the flags wrapped round his ice-axe, and standing on the summit held them above his head.

Clad in all his bulky equipment and with the flags flapping furiously in the wind, he made a dramatic picture, and the thought drifted through my mind that this photograph should be a good one if it came out. I didn't worry about getting Tenzing to take a photograph of me—as far as I knew he had never taken a photograph before, and the summit of Everest was hardly the place to show him how.

I climbed to the top again and started taking a photographic record in every direction. The weather was still extraordinarily fine. Wherever we looked, icy peaks and sombre gorges lay beneath us like a relief map.

Perhaps the view was most spectacular to the east, for here the giants Makalu and Kanchenjunga dominated

the horizon. Makalu especially, with its soaring rock ridges, was a remarkable sight; it was only a few miles away from us. From our exalted viewpoint, I could see all the northern slopes of the mountain and was immediately struck by the possibility of a feasible route to its summit. With a growing feeling of excitement I took another photograph to study at leisure on returning to civilization.

The view to the north was a complete contrast—hundreds of miles of the arid high Tibetan plateau, softened now by a veil of fleecy clouds into a scene of delicate beauty. To the west the Himalayas stretched hundreds of miles in a tangled mass of peaks, glaciers and valleys.

But one scene was of particular interest. Almost under our feet, it seemed, was the famous North Col and the East Rongbuk glacier where so many epic feats of courage and endurance were performed by the earlier British Everest Expeditions. Part of the ridge up which they had established their high camps was visible.

It was a sobering thought to remember how often these men had reached 28,000 feet without the benefits of our modern equipment and our reasonably efficient oxygen sets. Inevitably, my thoughts turned to Mallory and Irvine, who had lost their lives on the mountain thirty years before. With little hope, I looked round for some sign that they had reached the summit.

Meanwhile, Tenzing had also been busy. On the summit he had scratched out a little hole in the snow, and in this he placed some small offerings of food—some biscuits, a piece of chocolate, and a few sweets—a small gift to the spirits of Chomolungma which all devout Buddhists (as Tenzing is) believe inhabit the summit of this mountain.

Ate Mintcake Bar

Beside the food, I placed the little cross that John Hunt had given me on the South Col. Strange companions, no doubt, but symbolical of the spiritual strength and peace that all peoples have gained from the mountains. We made seats for ourselves in the snow, and sitting there in reasonable comfort we ate with relish a bar of mintcake.

My camera was still hanging open on my chest, so I decided to put it safely away. But my fingers seemed to have grown doubly clumsy. With slow and fumbling movements, I closed the camera and did up the leather case. I realized that I was being affected by the lack of oxygen—it was nearly ten minutes since I had taken my set off.

I quickly checked the gauges on our bottles—we had nearly two hours' endurance left at three litres a minute. It wasn't very much, but it would have to do.

Hastily, I put my set on. I felt better immediately. Tenzing had removed the flags from his ice-axe and, as there was nothing to tie them to, he thrust them down into the snow. Slowly we got to our feet again. We were tired, and all my tension and worry about reaching the summit had gone, leaving a slight feeling of anticlimax. But the smallness of our supply of oxygen filled me with a sense of urgency. We must get back to the South Summit as quickly as possible.

One Last Job To Do

I took up my ice-axe, glanced at Tenzing to see if he was ready, and then looked at my watch—it was 11.45. We had been on top only fifteen minutes. I had one job left to do.

Walking easily down the steps that I had made in the ridge, I descended forty feet from the summit to the first visible rocks, and taking a handful of small stones, thrust them into my pocket—it seemed a bit silly at the time, but I knew that they would be good to have when we got down. Then, wasting no time, I set off along the ridge.

Fortunately, my steps were all intact and we cramponed along them quickly and safely. We knew we had to hurry and, tired as we were, we drove ourselves hard. In what seemed an astonishingly short time, we were climbing



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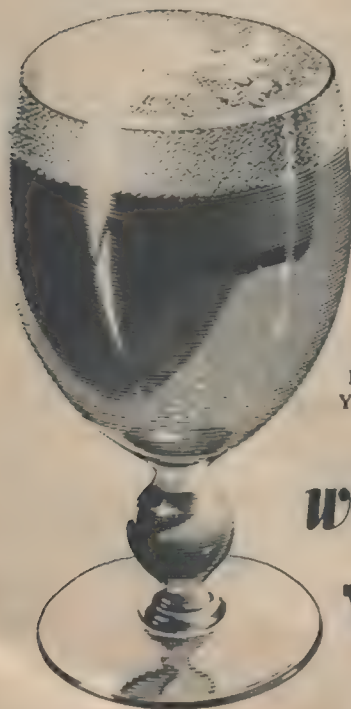
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down towards the top of the difficult rock step. From here I could see the frail fashion in which the cornice was attached to the rocks, but with the confidence of familiarity I plunged down into the chimney and wriggled my way between the rock and the ice to the bottom. Tenzing followed quickly and we climbed on again.

Cautiously, we shuffled our way across the rock ledge and then moved on to the steps crossing the last steep slopes. With a feeling of relief I cramponed on to the little saddle at the foot of the South Summit and then slowly climbed up the generous stairway I had whacked out in its icy side nearly four hours before. I sat down beside our discarded oxygen bottles and Tenzing joined me there. It had only taken us one hour from the top.

Fearful Of Descent

Once again I checked our oxygen bottles—there was only about an hour's endurance left, but this should get us down to our reserve supply on the ridge. Tenzing offered me his water bottle and I had a long swig out of it. It was a delicious brew of water, sugar, lemon crystals and raspberry jam. Our rest was short—and then we were on our feet and starting down.

The thought of this descent had never been far from my mind throughout the day, and I viewed it with fearful anticipation.

Tenzing looked as strong and staunch as ever, and I felt that I could confidently rely on him as a stout anchor. I started cramponing down the first steep slopes of frozen snow.

Soon I reached the first line of steps down the steep ridge at the top of the great slope. Steadying myself against the slope with my ice-axe, I went carefully from step to step until I dropped rapidly down to where the ridge petered out in the great slope.

Now the unpleasant moment had arrived and we had three hundred feet of steep and dangerous snow to deal with. First of all, we had to get on the slope, and this entailed a traverse over some steep rocks.

To reach the snow slope from the rocks was a tricky move, but with a long step I lowered myself reluctantly into its snowy grip and started packing the loose snow into a little ledge so that I could delay Tenzing safely across the rock pitch. My stance was far from perfect, but I put the rope over my shoulders and waved to Tenzing to cross.

Grimly Silent Climb

He moved slowly on to the traverse and laboriously began to work his way over. With a shock I realized how tired he was—how tired we both were.

With a tense feeling in the pit of my stomach I started down the slope, packing the loose snow with my boot into a step that would take my weight. Grimly silent, Tenzing was climbing down the steps with great care.

I went on packing steps and lowering myself into them. Time lost its meaning and the great slope turned into an eternal and endless nightmare. It was with an astonished relief that I realized we were nearly at the bottom.

I started traversing carefully over to the right, and then, with an enormous feeling of thankfulness, I stepped on to the ridge again and sank the shaft of my ice-axe deeply into the firm snow. I took in the rope as Tenzing moved up beside me. We looked at each other and we didn't need to speak . . . our faces clearly showed our unrestrained relief.

Almost casually, I started down the ridge—it seemed so easy now after what we had just come down—but a sudden fierce gust of wind brought me sharply to my senses and I started concentrating again. I knew that our oxygen must be nearly exhausted and that we had to reach the dump left by Evans and Bourdillon before it ran out. We reached the dump, and another nagging worry lifted from my mind.

I checked the sets on our backs. We still had a few litres of oxygen left and couldn't afford to waste it. We continued down, carrying the life-saving reserve bottles in our hands. The ridge broadened and I realized that

we had reached the snow shoulder above Camp 9.

I plunged down the steep slope off the ridge, sidled round a rock bluff, and then saw our tent only a hundred feet away. I moved eagerly towards it, but suddenly felt very tired and weak. My load felt like a ton and my boots were as heavy as lead. I realized that my oxygen bottle had run out.

I climbed slowly on to our tent platform, took off my oxygen set and slumped down in the snow. Tenzing wearily sat down beside me. It was good to be back.

Our tent was flapping furiously in the wind and already many of the guy-lines had come undone. Tenzing crawled inside it and started getting the cooker going for a hot drink.

Far below on the South Col, I could see the tents flapping and thought I saw some figures moving. It was nice to know that there was someone there to help us, but it looked a long way down. Tenzing handed out a large mug of warm, sweet, lemon-flavoured water and I drank it with relish.

Then, with no feelings of regret, I took one last glance at our forlorn little camp that had served us so well, and started off down again.

I forced a deep trail across the slope, very conscious of the weakness in my limbs and the extra weight on my back. We made our way slowly down, moving carefully.

Our first objective was the remnant of the Swiss tent about seven hundred or eight hundred feet below us. For a long time it never seemed to get any closer, but all of a sudden it grew much larger, and there we were, beside it.

High-pitched Roar

Now we had to branch off to the right to the head of the great snow couloir leading down to the South Col. We crossed slowly over easy snow and rock slopes to the little rock ledge which took us to the couloir.

I had only chipped down about ten feet into it when I heard a high-pitched roar from the bluffs above us and next moment I was hit by a terrific gust of wind and almost torn from my steps. After a few moments the wind disappeared as quickly as it had come.

I went on cutting step after step, and Tenzing moved into the couloir behind me. A few moments later we were once again clinging to the slope, being buffeted unmercifully by a powerful gust.

Tenzing—tired though he was—offered to take a turn, and cut down for nearly another hundred feet. Then he moved ten feet out to the right and started kicking steps down a softer layer of snow. Thankfully I moved down behind him and we lost height quickly. I noticed that a small figure had appeared on the icy slopes above the South Col and somehow I knew that it was George Lowe.

We stopped and had a rest at the crevasse at the foot of the couloir and then moved on again.

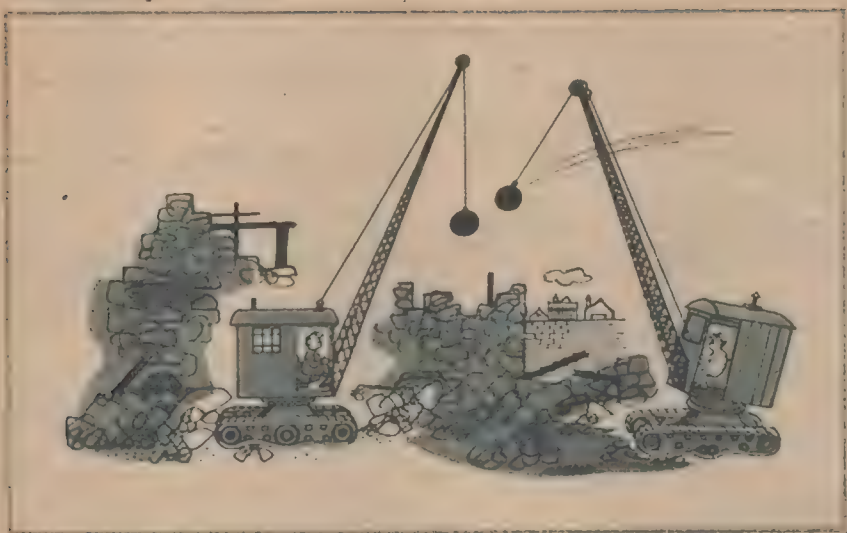
First Man To Hear

George's tall, strong figure was now much closer and the thought struck me that there wasn't anyone I would rather tell the news to first. George and I had been through a lot together in the mountains. We had had a lot of success and tough moments, too, and no one had done more than George to make this final success possible.

Already I could see his cheerful grin, and next moment his strong, vigorous voice was shouting out a greeting. To my tired mind he looked an absolute tower of strength. In rough New Zealand slang I shouted out the good news, and next moment we were all talking at once and slapping each other on the back.

I could feel a warm glow of contentment creeping over me and for the moment, at least, quite forgot that I was at 26,000 feet with a fifty-mile-an-hour wind whistling round my ears.

George took his pack off his back and produced a vacuum flask of hot soup, which was rapidly consumed. He also had a spare bottle of oxygen with him, but we didn't use it. Tenzing and I took off our rope and then continued on down the ice-slopes towards



the Col. My oxygen ran out just as we reached it—we had had just enough but no more.

As we climbed slowly up the few feet to the tents, we were met by Wilfrid Noyce and Pasang Phutar. A few moments later I was revelling in the warmth and comfort of my sleeping-bag and feeling a wonderful sense of security and companionship.

George was in the Meade tent with me and he had a cooker going and was melting some ice for drinks. Noyce crawled into the tent with us.

We made quite a satisfactory meal out of our rations and drank large quantities of liquid—I seemed quite unable to quench my continuous thirst.

It was now pitch dark outside and in the familiar South Col environment of our swaying, flapping tent we settled down for the night. But sleep seemed far away from my overtired body and excited brain.

George didn't seem much better, so we talked and dozed far into the night, tossing and turning as the freezing cold from outside crept into our tent.

The morning was the same as every other morning on the South Col. I opened my eyes to a scene of complete chaos. Remnants of food, black and dirty stoves, battered tins of fuel, and repulsive-looking mugs with the residue of our last drink frozen solid in the bottom, all strewn around and between our three recumbent bodies as we curled up into a ball to try to retain a little warmth.

Life Got Brighter

I looked at George. With his be-draggled beard, scaly windblown countenance, burned lips and blood-shot eyes, he fitted perfectly into this depressing scene. I suppose that's how I look, I thought, or worse. It's about time we got out of here.

Reluctantly, we emerged from our bags and overcame the lethargy of altitude long enough to light a cooker. As the warmth from it crept round the tent, life became a little brighter. Soon we were crouching round the stove like a bunch of haggard old witches, slowly munching away at some food. I still felt completely dehydrated and kept drinking the water as quickly as we could melt it.

Slowly, we prepared to leave. There were two full bottles of oxygen left and though none of us really needed it, we decided that Tenzing and I should use it on the way down. We were each carrying our sleeping-bag and personal gear and it made a formidable load. We crawled out of our tents for the last time and started painfully up the slopes above the camp. We had only two hundred feet to climb, but it seemed like a thousand, and we had had more than enough when we struggled up to the top.

We looked back at the South Col—three tiny tents flapping furiously in a grim expanse of bare ice and black rocks. They looked awfully lonely down there, and we weren't sorry to leave them. We turned away and started down towards the great traverse. The steps made by the parties of the previous day were still intact and this made travelling relatively

easy. But there was no pleasure in it.

All I wanted was to get back to safe ground again and have a long rest. It seemed a lifetime before we reached the end of the traverse and started cautiously descending the steep ice of the upper Lhotse Face. We crossed slowly over the last ice-slope to the great crevasse above Camp 8.

For some unknown reason I had the impression that Camp 8 was going to be deserted, but as we appeared in sight we heard a hearty yell, and there were Charles Wylie and half a dozen Sherpas standing among the tents. It was like a breath of fresh air to see them.

Back Among Friends

We carefully crossed the unstable snowbridge over the crevasse and next moment we were the centre of an excited, chattering group. Mugs of hot lemon drink were thrust into our hands and our loads taken off our backs. It was good to be back among friends.

We rested for half an hour while the Sherpas dismantled the tents. Then George and Tenzing and I roped together and started off down. We were going a little better now at this lower altitude, and made quite good time down the familiar steps and fixed ropes to the site of Camp 6. Another brief rest and we moved on again.

We reached Camp 5 and some smiling Sherpas took our packs off our shoulders. But we didn't waste any time. We started off on the last long stretch down the Western Cwm. As we approached Camp 4 we saw a few figures drifting slowly out of the tents towards us, obviously undecided whether we had been successful or not.

We didn't give any sign but wearily stumped down the track. When we were fifty yards away, George couldn't restrain himself any longer and waved his ice-axe exuberantly towards the summit. The approaching figures stopped dead, as though unable to grasp the import of this signal, and then they suddenly rushed up the track towards us.

Mike Westmacott reached us first and then John Hunt, his tired face lighting up with unbelieving joy. Soon we were embracing them all, and shaking hands and thumping them on the back. It was a touching and unforgettable moment.

But I had had many great moments in the last few weeks and I couldn't help feeling a touch of sadness at the thought that it was all over.

I could remember so clearly Charles Evans and Tom Bourdillon, weary to death, dragging themselves down to the South Col; and John Hunt's lined and indomitable face as he handed me his tiny cross while the wind battered our tent; and the feeling of terrible loneliness as George Lowe and Gregory left us high on our little ledge; and then, at the last, Tenzing's smile of triumph on the summit.

And now our high adventure was finished.

THE END

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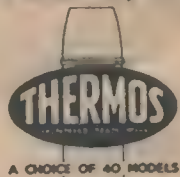
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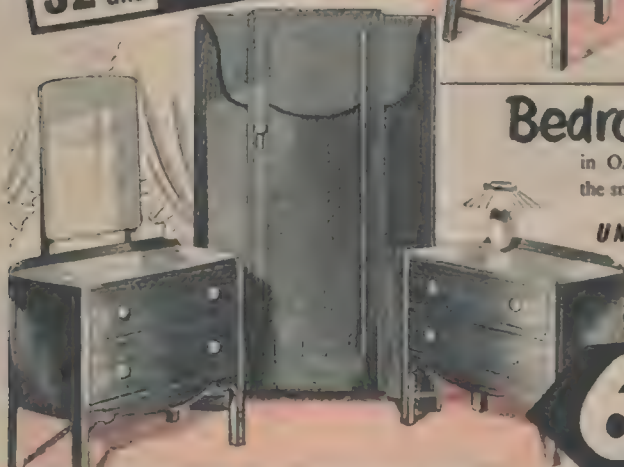


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THE LITTLE WALLS

Continued from page 21

think," he said, "that patience is an overrated virtue."

"It depends how you exercise it." We went on down the hill.

"When I got back to the hotel the expected cable was waiting.

ARRIVING NAPLES TOMORROW AT THIRTEEN HOURS STOP NOLI IRRITARE LEONES STOP MARTIN

Don't irritate the lions—leones. I thought it was typical of him to make a pun even in the cable. The following day I went over by the morning boat and was at the Capodichino airport to meet him. He came through the Customs looking as sallow, as dissipated, as handsome and as distinguished as I remembered him. It was the first time I had seen him in an ordinary grey suit and I wondered if he had not bothered to bring his battle-dress.

We shook hands warmly and he said: "I wonder what happens to air-hostesses when they get old and wrinkled."

"They don't," I said. "They marry and bear other air-hostesses; it's a special breed. Is the burglary cleared up?"

"Three-quarters of the stuff was recovered the following day where it had been dumped. Either the thieves got windy or they discovered the silver was electro-plate. But they didn't return my El Toro cigars, blast them."

I took his case and the book he had been reading. It was a privately printed edition of *Novelas Ejemplares*, by Cervantes. When I glanced up, he said gently: "So you've found both the girl and Buckingham?"

"I know. I know I owe you an apology for carrying on on my own when it was entirely the result of your contacts that I got a lead at all. But I thought it might well be a complete fiasco—someone getting an easy hundred guilders out of me."

"You're sure it isn't?" "Certainly about the girl. Reasonably sure about Buckingham; but I need your identification." I told him all that had happened, the way I had traced them to the Villa Atrani and what I had done so far. He listened intently. He was a good confidant—not one of those men whose eyes stray over your shoulder while they listen. "I hoped to hold everything up until you came, but—it didn't work out."

"She's given you no explanation of why she wrote the letter?"

"Not yet." "That's rather trusting of you, isn't it? Surely the first thing she'll do is tell Buckingham."

"I don't think it matters about me. Only you can identify him, and they know nothing about you."

"Is she very attractive, this girl?" "Yes, but not so that I'd lose my sense of judgment." I wondered if that was true.

The dark look lifted from his face as he smiled with that unexpected yet compelling gentleness. "I only asked. Wait a minute, I must wire my mother, tell her I got here safely."

He came away from the telegraph counter rubbing his chin. "These early starts; I shall need another shave before the day's through. . . . What sort of course are you going to set?"

"I'm going to run you across Buckingham's bows and see what happens," I said, using his phraseology.

"And if it isn't Buckingham?" "I shall be damned disappointed."

We got on the air transport bus. Martin pushed back his lank dark hair with two fingers. "How am I to meet this fellow Sanbergh—Buckingham? Have you fixed that, too?"

"Yes. Mme Weber is having some people in for drinks tonight—she does that every two or three days. Sanbergh is sure to be there. I asked her if I might bring a friend."

I was on edge about the meeting—a lot more so than I admitted even to myself. It might have been more to the point if I'd bought a gun in Naples that morning instead of a canvas and

a stretcher and brushes and paints.

Of course, it might all yet fizzle out. It was a game of bluff. If the surprise failed then we were back at Square One. But I didn't see how the surprise could fail.

I'd booked a room for Martin at the Hotel Vecchio and it was queer to see how quickly he had the dark young manageress fluttering around him, and the rest of the staff ready to help. It wasn't anything he particularly said or did; in fact, he looked rather depressed and disillusioned about things. It didn't matter. Indulgence was always extended to him.

The short twilight was nearly over as we made for the Villa Atrani. Martin walked by my side, for once without anything to say. I don't know if he was feeling some of the tension I was feeling, or whether it was just that we had talked ourselves out. Anyway, there was nothing more to do at this stage but light the blue touch-paper and stand well away.

As we got to the gate I said: "Do you think Buckingham will recognize you?"

"He isn't likely to have forgotten."

I glanced at Martin in the half light. "I've never asked you, but have you some private score to pay off against this fellow?"

He hesitated. "What makes you ask?"

"Well, as a stranger in this case, you've been very patient and very interested."

He smiled slightly, but it didn't lift his brooding expression this time. "It's only as things have gone on that I've come to realize what I've had against this man. Some day I'll tell you about it. Even now, thinking it over, I'm not sure how much I owe him—any more than you are yet. Perhaps when you find out, I shall find out too."

We went up the path. At the door the dogs met us, fawning. Mme Weber, in an odd-looking, sack-like pink dress, and wearing too much mascara, waved an impaled cherry on a stick in welcome and led the way into the living-room.

Many new people here tonight; my eyes flickered past them to the known faces: Nicolo da Cossa, with Jane; Hamilton White; Mademoiselle Henriot; Signor Castiglioni, a tall, stout Italian shipowner who'd been at the luncheon yesterday.

"Is he here yet?" Martin said. "No," I said; "nor the girl."

A HALF-DOZEN other people came, then some more. Half the exhibitionists of the island. A man in shorts, with a red beard, a woman with a hat with big tin animals stitched to the straw as ornaments. A fat, middle-aged woman with incredibly tight yellow jeans.

"Dear Philip," said Mme Weber, speaking suddenly in my ear, "the Master of Kyle will take nothing but Scotch; it's his signature drink; could you be an angel?" Her eyes glimmered approvingly over Martin. "Good of you to come and see us, Commander Boxer. We're dishevelled. Far more people than I ever invite. Flatterin', but a strain on the gin."

"Where's Leonie?" I said to her.

"Upstairs lying down. She hasn't been well this afternoon. But she promised to look in later. Dear Mr. Weekley, how very good of you to come. You'll take a Manhattan?" Mme Weber was swept away on an eddy, and I was left holding an extra glass.

"Kyle?" said Martin. "Did she say Kyle?"

"Yes; that bald old chap by the window."

"By God, yes, it's the same, I used to know him well. I thought he'd been cremated long ago."

"Well, come over with me and see. We'd better keep together."

We went across, edging along with muttered apologies and a couple of bumps. The old man was rubbing his bald head and talking resentfully to Mademoiselle Henriot. I gave him the whisky and he eyed me with the same expression, as if he expected a confidence trick somewhere. Then I introduced Martin Coxon.

"Coxon?" Kyle peered cautiously

It's The Custom . . . in HUNGERFORD

Tutti-men at work. In a day, they visit ninety-nine properties

The Tutti-man calls for a coin or a kiss

PHILIP SPACKMAN cannot remember how many women and girls he kissed when he was Tutti-man at Hungerford, a small country town in Berkshire, in 1951. "They were old and young, married and unmarried," says Spackman, a thirty-year-old grocer.

The Hungerford Tutti-men stop women in the streets and kiss them, chase girls behind shop counters, and sometimes climb ladders up to their windows. They exercise their right under the Hock-tide traditions of the town. Carrying long, flower-topped tutti-poles, they go to every one of ninety-nine properties, calling on each occupier and demanding a coin. Payment by a kiss instead is permitted, and given as often as not.

Hock-tide is an old English festival that falls on the second Monday and Tuesday after Easter. And it is on Hock Tuesday that the annual Court or Jury meets in the Town Hall to settle the business of the Manor of Hungerford, which has been run by trustees for the benefit of the town since 1613.

The Manor comprises over 350 acres of grazing land and various properties in Hungerford, and its affairs are in the hands of a Jury chosen from the occupiers of the ninety-nine house and shop properties carrying common rights. At its Hock-tide meeting, the Jury passes accounts, decides on business matters, and elects the officers of the Manor, such as the Constable, the Bailiff, the

Portreeve, and the two Tutti-men.

When this meeting is over, the Jury and the officers cross the road to lunch at the Three Swans, where they drink punch made to an old recipe.

Now everyone is ready for the ceremony of "Shoeing The Colt." One of the commoners puts on a leather smith's apron and, with assistance, selects a colt—someone attending the Hock-tide celebrations for the first time. The colt is pulled by the ear to the end of the room, and then a horse-shoe nail is driven into the heel of his shoe until he shouts, "A punch! A punch!" He pays ten shillings towards the cost of extra punch, and is given the nail as a souvenir.

"It is not always as simple as that," says Major Humphrey Fairfax Harvey, Constable for the past five years. "The colt usually objects strongly." A few years ago, a colt dragged the blacksmiths to the floor and broke a window before he was shod.

Throughout the day and late into the evening, the Tutti-men—those elected the year before—pay their calls. Hospitality is their major ordeal. Gerald Face, landlord of the John o' Gaunt, began his day as Tutti-man a few years ago with champagne at breakfast time, and finished it with a pint of beer at ten o'clock at night. In between he drank everything from Scotch whisky to black-currant wine. It's a Hungerford tradition that a good Tutti-man should arrive home helpless in a wheel-barrow.

from under his eyelids at the man beside me. "What Martin Coxon, Lord Callard's grandson? Why didn't ye say so? It's a decade and a half. . . ."

"More," said Martin. "I didn't suppose you could still be alive."

Kyle said stiffly: "Then you supposed far from the truth. I was ten years Callard's junior, and he would not have been beyond eighty if he'd ha' lived. What are you doing now? I trust ye've settled down since the war. Didn't I read you were up for the D.S.O.?"

"Yes, up before the beak. It seems half a century since I climbed on your roof and tied a pair of the cook's drawers over the kitchen chimney pot."

"Well, it's a quarter anyway. Aye, ye were a wild lad, and ungrateful

forbye. I mind well the time when Callard came to me and said, 'John, that boy, there's no training him. . . .'

OVER the heads of the milling people I saw Leonie come into the room. She was very pale, and her make-up couldn't hide it. She looked sharply round. I wondered if she was looking for Sanbergh. She saw Mme Weber and moved towards her, asked her a question.

Then, before the reply came, she saw me. Mme Weber caught her arm and said something, and Leonie nodded and half-smiled in a strained way before she began to push nervously through the crowd.

"... what's more," said Kyle. "And although neither the island nor

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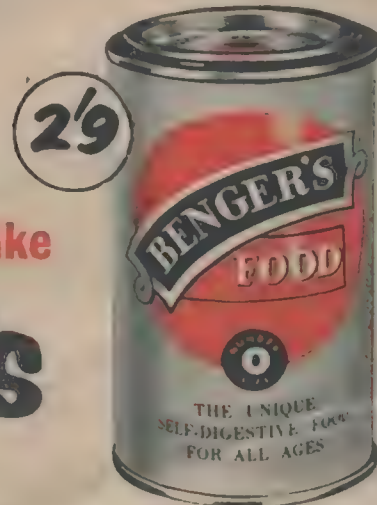
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In no time at all,

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and the pain "in the bag"

—as you say.

RENNIES



the queer cattle on it please me and I sigh for the manly scenery of Scotland, the soft, sickly climate here suits an old man. . . .

Leonie came up and gave me a queer, cold look that I'd never seen on her face before. A complete change from yesterday.

"I'm sorry you're not well," I said. "Only a touch of the sun. . . . I don't need your sympathy." She glanced at Martin as he turned.

"This is my friend, Commander Coxon, Mrs. Winter." My voice was half lost in the din.

I saw Martin's dark eyes on her. "Philip has been talking of you, Mrs. Winter." He didn't say any more because that was enough. Then, after a sufficient pause to give it air, he added: "I've been admiring your lovely island this evening. That comes up to expectations, too."

"It isn't my island, Commander Coxon; we share it between us, but the title deeds go back to Augustus."

"Who knew what he was about. One of the great men of the world, in spite of Voltaire. A pity Gaius didn't live to succeed."

He went on talking, and by the time he'd finished he'd taken Leonie in, deferentially but pretty thoroughly, and her own colour had come at last. Once again he was getting away with it, and I felt a queer twinge almost of resentment that it was so easy. After a bit Leonie turned to Kyle and Kyle began to speak, but his words were drowned in a burst of laughter from some people near. I didn't take my eyes off Leonie. She turned to me. "Could you get me a drink, Philip? I need one badly."

"Of course." There were plenty on a tray near, and when I came quickly back with one Martin and Kyle were wrangling over some reminiscence of the Scottish moors, and Leonie was half-leaning against the wall behind her, staring across the room, a frown of pain between her eyebrows.

I said: "Where is Sanbergh this evening?"

"He went out in his yacht fishing."

"I hoped he'd be here."

"Does it matter? He hates cocktail parties." She took her drink quickly, nearly spilling it.

I said: "They're the nadir of social life, no doubt. Conversation pumped out as the gin is pumped in. What do you think of my friend?"

"Very charming. Have you invited him here to help you search the bedrooms?"

"Should I have?"

"No. You do that so tactfully yourself."

"I'm sorry I had to."

She fumbled with her glass, put it down, because a drop of the liquid had run down the outside, dabbed at her hand like a child with a cut. "Why had you to? What compulsion was there? Is that why you came here under another name? What difference could it have made?"

"It'll make none at all if you raise your voice a bit more."

"I can't help but think you must see yourself as one of those private detectives who risk their lives and their virtue for ten dollars a day and expenses. I suppose you expected to find the dead body of a girl in black nylon pyjamas and—and . . ."

I said: "All right, have your fun."

She didn't say anything more. She didn't look at me. She was as taut as a bow-string.

I said: "I think you let this bit go by; but as it happens there is a dead body among our stage properties. Only this one wasn't in black nylon pyjamas. It does make rather a difference. Anyway, if you believe that by registering contempt of what I've done you can head me off from anything I intend to do . . ."

The Italian boy came round and refilled our glasses. Leonie gulped at hers again. Catching a glimpse of her eyes then, I saw it was no longer just physical pain. They brimmed for a second or two, then she blinked it sharply away.

Martin turned back and began

chatting to her. Charlotte Weber bore down on us, her eyes and lips fatigued with smoke and noise but herself undefeated. She took Leonie away, and then I somehow got separated from Martin. Still more people were crushing in at the door and I'd have left but for the hope of seeing Sanbergh.

I wouldn't take more drink but kept chewing unrecognizable bits of food that found their way into my hand. A tall, baldish man with a thin nose stopped by and began to ask me about the literary situation in Italy. It took me five minutes to convince him that I knew nothing whatever about it.

After another half hour, while the battle was still at its height, I beat a retreat into the loggia. There were one or two others out here who had fallen by the way. The air was cool and scented. In the distance the northern arm of the Bay of Naples was twinkling with lights. I rubbed my eyes, which were smarting with the smoke.

A man came into the loggia from the room and looked round. When he saw me he came towards me. It was Hamilton White.

He said: "I thought I saw you slip out, Norton. Are you coming with us on this trip tomorrow?"

"What trip?"

"To the Blue Grotto."

"Oh. . . . No, I hadn't heard about it. Who's going?"

White stared at me rather foggily. "Leonie and Jane and Nicolò. Sanbergh's lending us his small boat and we figure on starting at dawn. There was some talk of inviting you to be in the party."

At that moment there was a sound like angry bees as the door opened and Leonie slipped out. She didn't see us and looked as if she was going into the garden. Her face and her white frock were striped with lights and shadows.

White turned and called to her and she saw us and slowly came across. Her eyes were big and very dark, and there was still that stretched paleness in her face.

White said: "I was asking Philip for tomorrow, Leonie. I don't know if he wants to be included in."

"I've only just heard," I said.

Leonie said: "I'm sure there won't be much in it for you, Philip. Perhaps you could stay behind and question the staff."

"What's that?" White interrupted, looking from one to the other of us. "Question the—I don't quite get it."

I said: "Oh, it's just a low-spirited little joke we have."

"Well, if you do make up your mind—"

"I have. I'll come."

"Good. That's fine. We've all agreed to be down at the Piccola Marina at five-thirty prompt. By the way, I noticed you have a friend with you this evening. I don't know whether there would be room—"

"There isn't," Leonie said. "Charles advised us against taking more than five."

"Martin Coxon won't mind," I said.

I WAS bitterly disappointed at the way the evening had gone, and on the way home I told Martin so. He didn't speak for a while. When he did it was almost to himself. "Queer how one gets tensed up for a thing. I thought I was too seasoned for that." He looked at me. "Well, Buckingham's absence made a damp squib of it, but we can wait. Leonie Winter is certainly a high-octane number."

"She was hard going tonight."

"These pretty girls usually are."

"I don't mean in that way. Da Cossa had been talking."

I told Martin of the arrangement for the early morning. He said rather irritably: "Mme Weber has invited us both to dinner tomorrow night, did you know? I wonder why she's entertaining these people? I don't like women over fifty. They're like floating wrecks, waterlogged, drifting; you're liable to run foul of them at any time."

"My feeling is she knows little or

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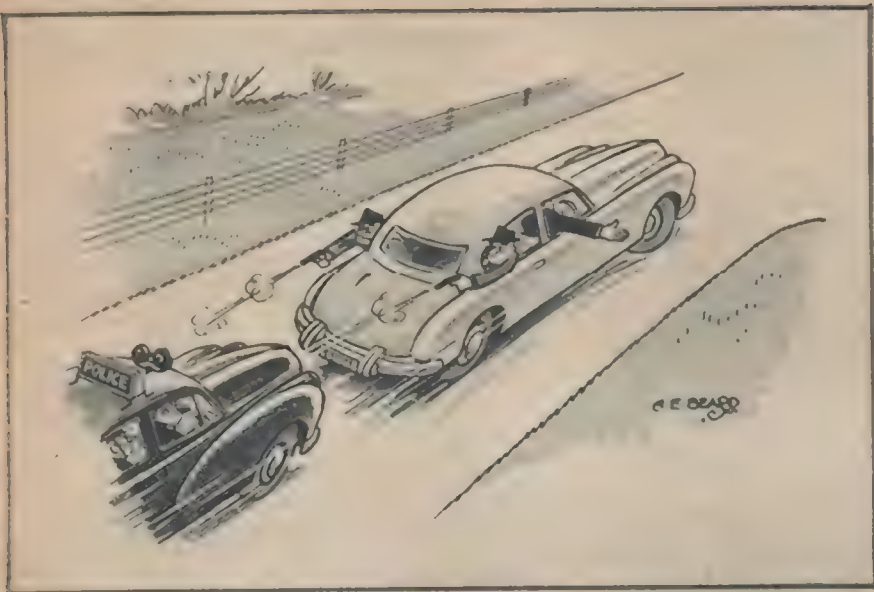
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nothing about it. I think Sanbergh is simply making use of her home until this blows over."

He stopped at a wall part lit by a window nearby and picked a couple of wild flowers. "Some of the real aristocrats of the island," he said. "Probably they were blooming here before the Phoenicians set foot on it. I wonder which is the end-product nature's most interested in: us or them." His long, elegant face was pre-occupied as he put the two flowers in his pocket book. Then he said: "What do you intend to do tomorrow after this early rise? Didn't she promise to explain her letter today?"

"Yes," I said. "To be fair, I haven't given her the opportunity. One thing I'm worrying about is whether Sanbergh has taken fright and already gone."

"Left the island? Why should he? No one knew I was coming. No one knows that I knew Buckingham."

BEFORE going to sleep I did the last big patch of the diary, but for the most part there was little beyond a day-by-day record of the excavations. I'd almost decided to give it up when I came on an entry dated ten days before they left.

"Up for the first time today and feeling pretty seedy. J. B. has taken excellent care of me while ill—certainly couldn't have been in better hands."

"For four days had hell of a time—must be less resistant than used to be. Came on very suddenly, one hour well, the next shivering so badly could hardly stand. Temp. 104.3. Ten grains quinine. Jack up most of first night constantly re-filling hot water bottles at my feet and back. First morning clearer in head and less thirsty, but at it again before midday."

"From then on very confused memories, chiefly of head flaming and body and legs of ice, of trying to get up and being kept in bunk by force or persuasion, of Jack pressing more quinine on me, or drinks, or re-lighting fire."

"He tells me that in my delirium I solved all the problems of phylogeny of man. Wish I could remember how! I doubt if he got much rest any night. All the same, while I've been ill he has catalogued and crated most of our finds to date and has kept the men at work on the diggings. Invaluable fellow."

I put down Grevil's diary and thought about the scene as he'd drawn it. I could see him twisting and turning on the bunk, babbling in delirium, his sweat-filmed face shining in the light of the oil-lamp. . . .

I switched the light out and lay back. Partly because of what I had read, I didn't sleep well. There were not many pages of notes left and I was tempted once or twice to switch on the light and spend the rest of the night finishing them. At about a quarter to five I got up and shaved and started off.

To be continued next week

THE GIRL WITH THE BUTTERFLY EAR-RINGS

Continued from page 25

was a constant coming and going of people of half a dozen nationalities, Asian as well as European. Specimen posters giving highly impressionistic views of the company's principal ports of call brightened the walls.

In the backyard, Kojo Frimpong took his bicycle, painted in the same colours as the funnels of his employers' vessels, and set out for the hospital. In a sky which had the hardness of blue enamel, the sun was almost overhead, but beneath its brazen glare the street retained its busy, crowded aspect. Black humanity seethed along the pavements in costumes of mixed colours, long-robed pedlars with trays of assorted trinkets clamoured for custom, half-clad children scrambled in and out of the deep drains by the roadside. Lorries with two-wheel trailers bouncing in their wake went rattling towards the landing-beach, and at the standpipes people stopped to wash their feet in the water that always flowed there.

Kojo Frimpong hated the town. When his parents in Kofikomba died, it was natural that he should come to live here with his uncle and that his uncle should send him to work. But the novelties of the capital had no appeal. The life was altogether too dangerous and incalculable. Also, the natives of Port Jack were instinctively hostile to people from other parts of the country and could cause all kinds of trouble. They had probably caused him to be bewitched and that was why he was ill now. He had no confidence in the local medicine-men. They would take his money for nothing. His uncle had warned him against them. In any case, they could not compare with old Yow Breffo, who had studied medicine in the neighbouring French colony.

THE hospital lay half a mile out along the coast road the other side of the lagoon, facing the sea and away from the fetid atmosphere of the town. At its opening, a few years ago, it had been claimed as the finest hospital in West Africa. But to Kojo Frimpong, the tidy lawns, clear-cut façade and row upon row of evenly spaced windows were alien and comfortless.

The stone-paved porch arching above his head, the very bigness of the buildings that lay all around him, belonged to a world that was not his. The starched uniforms of the nurses, their brisk footsteps sounding down the long, airy corridors, their preoccupied expressions, all served to emphasize the futility of his visit. There was no one here to understand. The very smell of the place was foreign.

He was directed to take his turn in a large room with thirty or forty other out-patients, who sprawled full-length on the benches or sat propped against the wall. They had the look of being settled there for the day. Some had brought food, most of the women were



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JAN CWIKLINSKI, skipper of Poland's mystery liner, the Batory, tells the dramatic story of his courageous escape to freedom. This condensation, which appears before book publication, is complete . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

accompanied by babies and small children who roamed about, wide-eyed, sucking oranges and bits of bread.

An African male nurse, tall, sleek, and in a white overall that came just below the knees of his khaki trousers, asked his name and wrote it on a card. Kojo Frimpong viewed it suspiciously. Giving one's name to strangers was dangerous. There was no telling what they would do with it. They might pass it on to some witch who would start thinking of you, and then you felt ill or luck deserted you. Writing it down multiplied the possibilities a thousand times.

Six months had passed since his last illness. Its coincidence with his annual week's holiday had enabled him to go to his village for treatment. Old Yow Breffo, who knew his full family history, had made a careful diagnosis. His opinion was that Kojo Frimpong had not been paying sufficient respect to the memory of his deceased mother. He should make a sacrifice of chickens and bottles of rum and wash himself daily for a week with certain pungent herbs.

Of that week in Kofikomba he retained the happiest memories. The old man had lodged him in his own house, a small dwelling of mud and thatch, in the very shadow of the forest. He had supervised his food and had not allowed him to stir beyond the bamboo fence round the compound.

After Port Jack, it was sanctuary. It was so completely safe. There was reassurance on every side. At the compound entrance was a bowl of water mixed with young goat's blood, to deter evil spirits. From the low, overhanging roof were suspended various objects—bones, old padlocks, withered scorpions, tight little linen bags—calculated to cover every possible malady and ready for instant application. In the house, too, were wooden bowls containing powdered leaves, crushed snakes' heads, sand from the river-bed, and other potent ingredients.

A week of Yow Breffo's care had made him a new man. He had filled out, his skin had a gloss, he was wonderfully free and refreshed. The old man had cured him. And now he was conscious once more of becoming wretched and useless. He had tried repeating the treatment by himself, but without effect. He expected to die.

The room in which he now waited unnerved him by its chill austerity. The stone floor, the high ceiling, the arched entrances, were too bare, too clean, as if the daily scrubbing and polishing had rubbed away all humanizing

character. On one side, large windows looked across a courtyard into a ward lined with beds occupied by still, recumbent forms. In a corner near the bench where he sat was a wheeled, table-like structure covered with rubber sheeting. He had heard tales of people being made to sleep on this and waking up with an arm or leg missing.

At the end of a corridor was a room which he saw people leaving and entering in long, white gowns, white caps and white masks. It was a costume a priest might wear for a sacrifice, but Kojo Frimpong did not know why it was worn in the hospital. Perhaps the hospital staff had their own gods to whom sacrifices—and victims?—had to be offered, in protection against the spirits of sickness.

Through the door of the room into which the out-patients were summoned as their turn came, he glimpsed shelves of bottles and jars, and glass tables set out with shining instruments of various shapes and sizes. What did they do to people in there? What would they do to him? Would they let him come out again or would he be like one man who was hurried off down the corridor in a wheeled chair and did not reappear? With Yow Breffo, he had understood the reasons for every step in the treatment. But here it was all an alarming mystery.

After two hours' waiting, there were still a few people in front of him. Each person's name was called in turn by the male nurse. As Kojo Frimpong approached the head of the queue there was a quaking in his stomach, and he watched the door still more fearfully.

"Kojo Frimpong!" called out the nurse in a sharp, commanding tone. "Kojo Frimpong!"

Something seemed to rise up in his throat. He turned and made a sudden dash for the door he had entered by. The nurse shouted, and everybody stared. But he threw open the door and raced down the long, wide passage to the courtyard where his bicycle was. There was another shout behind him. He jumped on his bicycle and pedalled with all his strength down the drive between the lawns, into the road. With fugitive haste, he impelled himself towards the town. Not until he was across the lagoon did he ease up, panting and sweating.

Slowly, he rode home. It was five o'clock and the office would be closed. Tomorrow they would dismiss him. The manager would soon discover how he had wasted the company's time and not seen the doctor after all. He would have no work, no money. Effuah would take her favours elsewhere.

He entered his uncle's compound and leaned the bicycle against the enclosing wall. Moodily, he sat down on a stone beside it, taking no notice of the women in the middle of the compound who were preparing the evening meal. His uncle, to whom everything would have to be explained, was not in yet.

With bent head, he tried to devise some kind of story for his employers. But, however plausible his tale, they would still insist on him seeing the doctor. They would want him to return to that ill-smelling, forbidding place, and there was no telling what would become of him.

"Kojo, are you sick?"

He looked up. Effuah had entered the compound and stood watching him with an anxious expression on her brown, roundish face. For a moment, he forgot his despondency. The green silk scarf was tied round her hair, the butterfly ear-rings were in place, a blue and yellow cloth covered her small, shapely figure.

"Are you sick?" she repeated.

"I am not sick." His spirits fell again. He did not know what to tell her. If he told her the truth, she was sure to think he had been stupid.

"But why is the bicycle here? Didn't you tell me once that it was against the rule for messengers to take their bicycles home?"

"Yes. But today I was late. They gave me a late message. And the office is closed by this time."

"But you told me also that every



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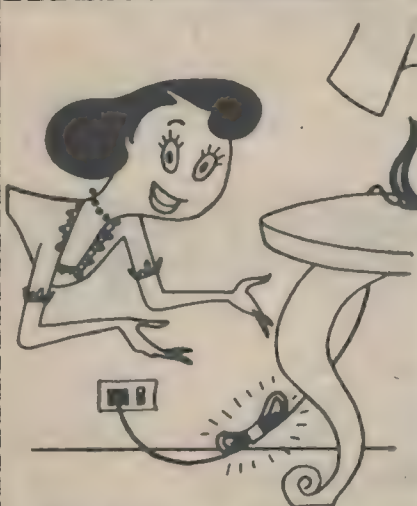




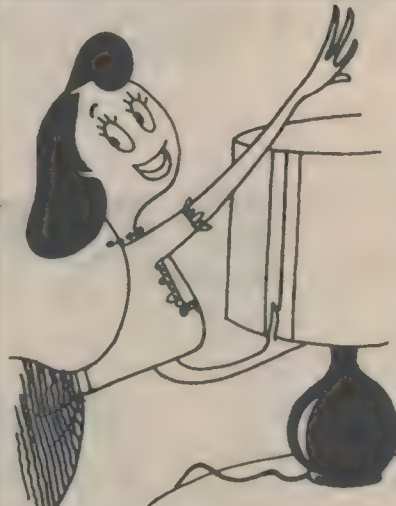
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evening they count the bicycles. And if they do not see your bicycle they will say you have stolen it."

"It is not my fault," said Kojo stubbornly. "If they want to have their bicycle back in time they should not send me out late."

"You are foolish," Effuah said. "They will report to the police that your bicycle is missing and the police will come here tonight and take you for a thief. Better you take it back now and give it to the night watchman. I have promised," she continued, "to take some groundnuts to my Aunt Akosuah and so I will come with you."

What she said was true. They did count the bicycles, they might inform the police, a policeman might come round before the evening was over, and that would bring more trouble. It was not unusual for messengers in fear of dismissal to make off with their bicycles.

"All right," he answered, getting up. They set off, with Kojo wheeling the bicycle and Effuah walking beside him with a basin of groundnuts balanced on her head. They did not talk much. He could not forget that for him the prospects next morning were gloomy, and she, observing his sullen mood, soon left him to it.

It was dark when they reached the company's premises. The bicycle was to be handed in at the back yard where all the transport was kept and which was enclosed by a high wall. Entrance to the yard was through large double gates, guarded by a night watchman who had a small shelter on the pavement beside them. At night there was a light over the gates, and the street past the yard was little used.

The sight of a car drawn up by the gates made Kojo hesitate when they were still fifty yards away. Nor could he see the bearded figure of Issaka Grunshie, the night-watchman, with his row of war medals and his big stick.

"We are too late," he told Effuah. "They have discovered the bicycle is missing and are making an investigation."

"Then it is good if you give the bicycle back at once," she declared, urging him forward.

But as they went to pass through the gates, which were ajar, the African driver of the car quickly got out and confronted them. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and his cowboy hat and check shirt gave him a tough appearance.

"Where are you going?" he demanded. "What is your business?"

"I am a messenger here," Kojo explained. "I have been out late with this bicycle, and I have come to return it."

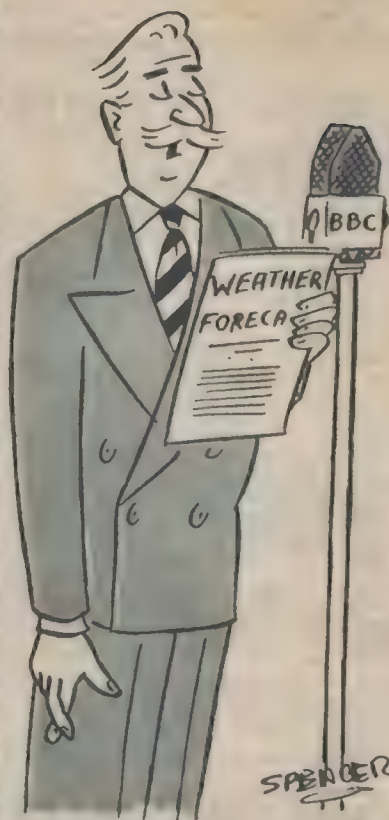
"All right," said the driver. "Leave it here and go."

"But I must take it inside. Perhaps they are already searching for it."

"Leave it with me," said the driver, his hand on the bicycle. "The watchman has gone away for a few minutes and he has asked me to watch for him until he returns. Now go!" he ordered sharply. "You hear?"

They stared at each other. The driver's manner was threatening, but Kojo Frimpong himself was not all that small, and he did not want Effuah to see him give way. Besides, he could not discharge his duty by giving the bicycle to a stranger. The driver, whoever he was, could so easily go off with it.

With a sudden effort he jerked the bicycle out of the other's grip and pushed it hurriedly through the gates. The driver swore and came after him, and at the same moment Kojo glimpsed Issaka Grunshie, bound and gagged, propped up against the inside of the wall. Then the driver jumped on him, tumbling him to the ground. The bicycle fell with a clatter. He could hear Effuah screaming, and he caught sight of her under the light, standing just inside the gates, still with the basin of groundnuts on her head. Desperately, he fought against the driver's efforts to overpower him, supplementing his hands with his knees, feet and teeth as opportunity



"It will be fine over most of the British Isles today..."

offered. They rolled over and over, wriggling and twisting. In a minute or two he was aware of other dark figures joining in the fight, and soon his legs and arms were firmly gripped and a hand was pressed over his mouth. A stunning blow on the back of his head was the last thing he remembered.

He was in bed when he woke up, between white sheets, and all around him were other beds and white walls and large windows. On realizing he was in hospital, his first instinct was to struggle up, but his head hurt too much and he was bound up in various places so that movement was difficult. In panic, he felt with his toes and fingers and was relieved to find that he still had both his legs and arms.

They told him later that he and Effuah had arrived at the yard just in time to spoil the escape of a gang which had robbed the safe in the manager's office. Effuah's screams had brought a police patrol car just as the gang was driving off. The manager, who actually visited him in the hospital, said that the company was proud to have him in its service, and was happy to recognize the part he had played by the gift of a wrist-watch and a purse of £5.

"There's just one thing," said the doctor before Kojo Frimpong left the hospital. "You're in the early stages of sleeping sickness. We've tested you while you've been in here, and that's how we know. I expect you felt sick sometimes before, didn't you? If you want to get well, you'll have to come here once a week for injections. Just like this."

Before he could realize what was happening, the doctor had taken his arm firmly, picked up the needle and pushed it into him.

"That didn't hurt, did it?" The doctor grinned. "It couldn't possibly bother anyone who fought six men all by himself. You will come here once a week, won't you?"

Kojo nodded. If that was all they wanted, his job was cheap at the price, and there was always Yow Breffo if the injections failed.

When he reached home, he found there was a story all round the town of how he had attacked six, twelve, twenty armed men and put them to flight. His reputation stood high. He wore the wrist-watch proudly and, with the £5, he bought Effuah, who smiled at him always now.

THE END

RAFFLES AND THE INNOCENTS ABROAD

Continued from page 13

Raffles; "the fruits of your Italian operations. This money."

He made a swift movement, and stepped back with the Colonel's briefcase in his hand. He unbuckled the straps quickly, shook out on to the table a dozen slim packets of banknotes of high denomination. And he must have been watching the Colonel sidelong, knowing what to expect. For as the man's hand leaped from his pocket, and I started forward, Raffles struck sidelong. A small revolver flew into the air and, before it hit the carpet, he had caught it with the dexterity of the first-rate slip fielder he was. But the Colonel smashed at the lights, the room went black, glass fell. I heard a clatter of curtain rings, glimpsed a shadow that darted through the open french windows and leaped the rail of the veranda.

"He's gone!" I said.

"Stampeded beautifully," said Raffles, and I heard his chuckle. "I thought he'd do that when he lost his gun—make a grab at the money, and run for it! However, from the feel of things, he only got a couple of packets at most. The major part of the swag seems to be ours, Bunny, as—"

It was a shout, from out in the grounds, that checked him.

"Listen!" he said.

The crack of a shot sounded, then a second shot. I heard a thin challenge. "Halte-là!" Shouts seemed to be coming from all sides of the grounds of Villa Françoise. My throat went dry.

"Police!" I said.

"A cordon," said Raffles. "They must have followed him up here, and surrounded the place. That means the Italian police have picked up Madame and the harpies and set the Nice police to get the Colonel and the money he was carrying. Hark!"

The shouts out there had a note of urgent inquiry.

"They're baulked, by the sound of it," Raffles said softly. "He's through, and it's damned dark. He ought to beat them, now."

"They'll be swarming into the house here any minute," I said.

He turned to me. "Bunny, peel that adhesive tape from your arm. Quick! Let me have it. Right. Now, go to the girls before they start panicking all over the place. Tell them whatever you like. Keep 'em quiet!"

I WAS at a loss to divine his intentions, but I did as he asked. I stepped out into the lighted hall, closing the door behind me. Geraldine was standing in the doorway of the room across the hall. She came forward quickly, the other girls with her.

"Don't be alarmed," I told them.

"The fact is, I'm sorry to have to tell you that your new manager is a common criminal. The police are after him and seem to have the house surrounded. We shall hear all about it in a minute, no doubt."

I went on answering their questions as best I might. They were bewildered, and so was I. I scarcely knew what I was saying, but a sudden heavy pounding on the front door put an end to it. I crossed to the door, opened it, and a uniformed police officer strode in, followed by two gendarmes with truncheons.

"Did you get him, officer?" a voice said.

I turned quickly. Raffles had come into the hall. The officer looked sharply from one to the other of us.

"Who are you two gentlemen?" he demanded. "What are you doing here?"

"We're here at the invitation of these young ladies," Raffles said. "We're the tenants of L'Hermitage, the house next door. We had reason to believe that these young ladies, dancers by profession, were being used for some ulterior purpose by their manager. As compatriots of the young ladies, my friend and I felt it our duty

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to question the man rather closely when he arrived here just now. Our suspicions of him were amply confirmed when he suddenly levelled a revolver at us. Fortunately, we were able to disarm the fellow, but he smashed the light and took to his heels."

"He had a briefcase with him?" the officer demanded eagerly.

"A briefcase?" Raffles said. "Why, yes, he was carrying a briefcase. He may have dropped it during our scuffle with him."

The officer strode past us into the room. I saw the ray of his bullseye flash round, heard him give a sharp exclamation. He came back into the hall. He was carrying the briefcase and the revolver. Unfastening the briefcase, he shook out the contents on to the hall table.

The pulse surged in my head. Perspiration trickled down inside my clothes. There had been, originally, twelve slim packets of high-denomination banknotes. Raffles had said that the Colonel had got away with, at most, two. Yet there were now, lying on the hall table, five only.

The officer stood staring down at them for a moment, then he looked at us and at the girls, and his voice was grave. "I will be very frank with you," he said. "This is nothing like the sum of money I had been given to understand I should find in this briefcase. It may be that the man had transferred some to his pockets. That we shall know when we catch him. Meantime, this house must be subjected to a thorough search—and that applies, I regret to say, to everybody in it. Now, then, you young ladies will kindly go into that room; a woman from the gendarmerie will be here to attend to you shortly. You two gentlemen, stay where you are."

I dared not look at Raffles. Not for a minute, of course, did I think that the money would be found upon his person. Nor was it. It was the search of the room we had been in that worried me. The police started with that room, and they were thorough. They were in there a long time—hours, it seemed to me. When they emerged, I could hardly bring myself to glance at their faces. But when they started straight away to search the hall, I knew that they had found nothing. I looked, then, at Raffles. His face was impassive. He offered me a cigarette.

It was over at last. The officer in charge became friendly. He apologized to the girls and to us for keeping us from our beds.

"It was fortunate," he said to Raffles and me, "that you concerned yourselves in the interests of these young ladies. You will see soon enough in your newspapers what this was all about. For the present, the man has got away, and with a good deal of money. It can't be for long. We shall get him!"

"I'm confident of it," Raffles said warmly. But when we had made our good nights to the girls, and were walking back to our own place, he added: "All the same, Bunny, I hope they don't catch him till we're out of France. It might be awkward. We'll offer the young ladies our escort back to London. We'll seek out some manager there of a different kidney from the unreliable Wilton, and we'll invest money in the staging of a musical presentation calculated to advance the careers of our young friends who were lost at poker dice. That way, they'll get their share of our swag without knowing that it comes from us."

"But in heaven's name," I said, "how did the police fail to find that missing money? They went over every inch of the house. Where is the swag?"

We were turning in at the gateway to our own dark grounds

"It should be over here somewhere," said Raffles, and he moved off to the left. "It's a job for daylight, really. We'd better not show any lights here. Still, we might spot . . . " He broke off. "Ah, there we are, I think!"

I stooped to peer at a small, dark, circular object which showed up

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.



JAKE had been caught in the act of putting his hand through the broken window of a jeweller's shop in the early hours of the morning.

The law took its course; Jake was a first offender and there were other moderating circumstances which resulted in his being allowed bail, provided that he could produce two sureties for £200 each.

Jake's friend Bill came forward as one surety; as for the second, Jake's Uncle Leslie had the money, but he did not want to be involved in the case.

Leslie approached Ron, another of Jake's friends, and said: "If you will be a surety for Jake, I will indemnify you against the two hundred pound loss you would suffer if he broke his bail."

Ron wanted to help, and thought that this was reasonable, so he agreed. When Ron

and Bill became his sureties, Jake absconded and left them each to pay £200 for his default.

Ron went at once to Leslie and asked him to keep his bargain and make good the money.

When Leslie refused, because he felt that Ron should have taken steps to prevent Jake absconding, Ron sued him for breach of contract. "Ours was a perfectly plain and straightforward agreement," Ron told the judge. "Furthermore, I went into it at Leslie's request. There is no doubt about his liability to pay; he should be made to do so at once."

"This kind of agreement cannot be enforced," replied Leslie. "People should not really make secret arrangements on questions of bail. Giving a surety is an unambiguous affair—Ron was surety and he had to pay, that is all there is to it; I want nothing to do with the business."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 46

faintly against the crushed white sea-shell of the path. Gingerly, I picked the object up. It was a thin, greyish disc about the size of a saucer. Like a saucer, it was concave. Pressed into the hollow side, and held in place by strips of adhesive tape, was a thin sheaf of banknotes of high denomination. The disc was extensively cracked but was held together by the tape.

"Ye gods!" I said. "A clay pigeon!"

"I noticed them," said Raffles, "as soon as we went into that room with the Colonel. There were five clay pigeons on the shelf with the cart-ridge-boxes. The clay pigeon projector was on the shelf, too. With the house cordoned by police, I realized at once that there was only one possible way of sending at least some of the swag home here to roost."

"I depressed the spring of the projector—oddly like a crossbow in principle, Bunny—to its uttermost, to get long flight. If there had been more than five clay pigeons on the shelf, I could have dispatched that much more swag. Still, perhaps it's as well there were no more than five. If there'd been any left over for the police to see, they might have got ideas. As it was, all they saw was a

projector with a broken spring—I was careful to break it when I'd finished with it, of course—and it held no significance for them. Is your bandage staying in place, by the way?"

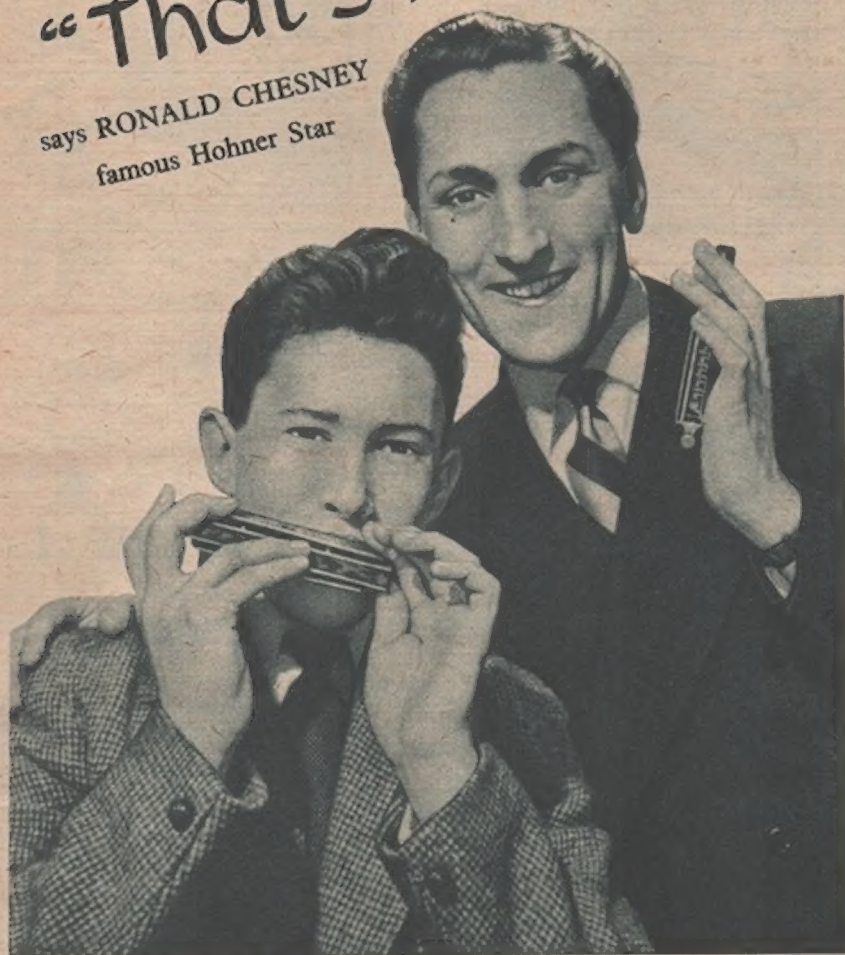
"Never mind that," I said. I could think only of the object in my hands. I raised my eyes from it to peer up at the belt of trees, a dark, undulant line against the sky of setting stars. I could see those five saucer-sized discs skimming up, one after another, in quick succession, from the french windows of that dark room in the Villa Françoise, describing a high parabola over the treetops and the heads of the police cordon, and landing almost soundlessly in the wilderness of our grounds.

As I looked down again, marvelling, at the object in my hands, Raffles spoke. "Worth about five hundred pounds," he said. "The other four are each worth about the same. But leave 'em for now. They'll be easier to find in daylight." He laughed quietly. "You know, Bunny, old boy, there's truth in the popular saying. . . ." I swallowed with a dry throat. "What saying?" I asked. Again he laughed. "Money flies," said A. J. Raffles.

THE END

"That's fine!"

says RONALD CHESNEY
famous Hohner Star



A pat on the back from Ronald Chesney when you've only been learning to play a few days is praise indeed. For this famous harmonica star has a critical ear and always plays a Hohner himself. YOU can easily learn with the FREE 5-minute tutor you get with every Hohner harmonica, and they cost only a few shillings at any music shop. From the moment you have one there's endless pleasure for you and your friends. Choose one today and you'll agree that

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A Trip-Round-The-World for two PLUS £500 pocket money.
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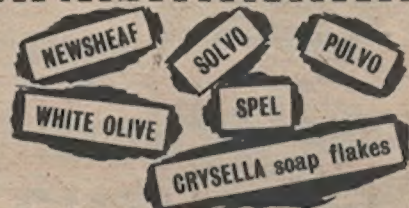
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1,000 PRESENTATION PARCELS.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

To win these wonderful prizes select eight of ten reasons why you prefer C.W.S. Soap Products.

Place your choice in order of merit, write your reason in SLOGAN-FORM in 10 words or less. Send entry accompanied by packet tops, cartons, wrappers, Pulvo seals, etc. of any of these C.W.S. Soap Products to the value of a 2/- purchase.

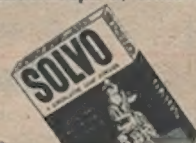


RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

- 1 Send as many entries as you wish (plain paper entries acceptable) provided each entry is accompanied by packet tops, cartons, wrappers, etc. to the value of 2/- purchase of any of these C.W.S. Soap Products—Spel, Solvo, Paddy, Crysella Soap Flakes, Pulvo, Household Soaps (Microl, Newsheaf, Congress, White Windsor), Toilet Soaps (Green Olive, White Olive, Cream Lavender.)
- 2 The Panel of Judges will award prizes in the order of importance of the eight reasons why competitors prefer C.W.S. Soap Works Products, and slogans will be judged by aptness and originality.
- 3 C.W.S. Soap Works and Publicity Department Employees and their families cannot compete.
- 4 The judges' decision is final.
- 5 Closing date 21st May, 1955.

ENTRY FORM

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	
	Insert figures 1—8 above letters to show order of choice.										
A	Best for every Toilet and Household use					F	Save time and money				
B	Competitive in price					G	Convenient range of sizes				
C	Made from the finest raw materials					H	Always factory fresh				
D	Kind to hands and clothes					I	Dividend's a further saving				
E	Suitable products for hard and soft water					J	Made to C.W.S. high quality standards				
I prefer C.W.S. Soap Products because											
Write Slogan here in 10 or less words.											
NAME											
ADDRESS											
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE											
I enclose appropriate wrappers, etc. (see conditions.)											
Post to: Competition Dept. D, C.W.S. Soap Works, Irlam, Nr. Manchester											



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FULL-TIME smoke
SPORTSMEN EVERYWHERE

ROLL THE **RIZLA** WAY

9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

BUYS A MACHINE
PACKET OF PAPERS
with sample of Filter Tips

CAN SAVE £££'s IN A YEAR
AND ITS COST IN A DAY

FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS



Are you a case for DOLCIN?

Mrs. L. Cladinboel, of London, N.I., suffered considerably from rheumatism in her legs—something all too common in this climate of ours. Then she heard about Dolcin and tried it. She found relief from pain and was able to get about much more easily. This is what she wrote to us:

★ "Your Dolcin tablets—they are really wonderful. I could not bend my knees but since taking your tablets, I can use my legs much more easily. I would recommend Dolcin to anyone."

Mrs. Cladinboel's letter is only one chosen at random from hundreds which have been received at our offices. Rheumatism, Lumbago, Fibrositis, Sciatica—countless sufferers from these painful complaints have found quick and prolonged relief from their pains with Dolcin. Dolcin is non-toxic and cannot harm the heart or any other organ. Why resign yourself to agony a moment longer? Seek rapid relief this very day with Dolcin. Ask your chemist for a bottle of 100 tablets—it costs 7/1½d. Remember, Dolcin really does relieve pain!

★ (This original, unsolicited letter may be inspected at our offices.)

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Do you suffer from Rheumatism?

USE A **3 IN ONE**
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With interchangeable blades in three sizes. Ideal for every job, it fits the pocket or handbag, and is ready in an instant.

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Manufactured by J. STEAD & Co. Ltd., SHEFFIELD

Setting a new
Standard in
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A lightweight model with all the features that appeal to the touring rider. 3-speed gear fitted as standard.

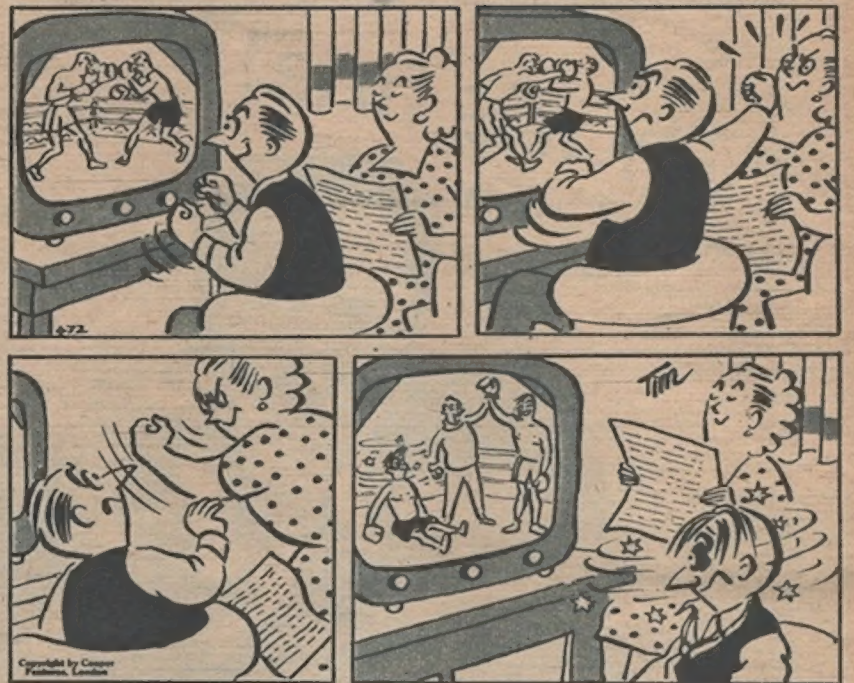
Send for illustrated catalogue

The NEW
Royal Enfield
Superlight

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD., REDDITCH

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



CHRISTINE SMITH SHOWS LONDON TO THE WORLD

Continued from page 17

once spent a week showing a party of deaf and dumb people round London and the Home Counties.

Often, Christine secretly wonders why her clients have bothered to hire her. Four tourists who were staying in Southampton during the Coronation arranged to meet her at ten o'clock one morning. They arrived at 2 p.m.

Christine, who had had no lunch, asked what they would like to do. They said they wanted to buy clothes. She took them to two expensive West End shops, admired their purchases and explained how the personal export scheme worked. "They were so rich they didn't know what to do with their money. In a couple of hours they spent three hundred pounds."

Another time, a rich old man with an attractive young wife asked to be shown round London's famous buildings. "As we approached each one, the girl combed her hair and repaired her make-up. She then got out of the car and posed while her husband took a photograph of her with the building as a background. Then they got back in and asked to be driven to the next."

One tourist with a chauffeur-driven car hired Christine's husband, who is also a guide, and asked to be taken to Stratford-on-Avon. They drove straight to Shakespeare's birthplace.

Christine's husband stepped out of the car, and said: "We're now going inside the house to see the room in which Shakespeare is reputed to have been born." The tourist stayed in his seat. "No, we're not," he said. "I came here to see Shakespeare's birthplace, and I've seen it. We're going straight back to London."

Wherever she goes, Christine's policy of making friends with officials enables her to get the best service possible for her clients. Some miners' wives she was showing round Windsor once asked her if they could see the Queen. Christine discovered from a policeman she knew that the Queen would come

out of the main gate at 1.30 p.m. Christine arranged an early lunch, and the visitors saw the Queen.

Christine finds that most tourists are willing to spend only a day "doing" London before flying off to "do" Paris and Rome. In the morning, she takes them to see the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace and the Horse Guards, to Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the view of Westminster from Lambeth Palace, Kensington Palace and the Kensington antique shops.

After lunch, she covers the eastern side, starting with the Old Curiosity Shop and Lincoln's Inn Fields, and passing on to St. Paul's, the Tower, Mansion House and the Stock Exchange. "I also make a point of showing them the bombed areas." When visitors have a second day to spare, Christine suggests that they visit Hampton Court, Windsor, Eton and Stoke Poges.

Stood In For Guide

A former electrical demonstrator, Christine became interested in guide work when she met Leonard Bryant Peers, a London guide, at her Earls Court demonstration room. They became friendly and, since Peers was nearly always working during her free time, she frequently accompanied him.

One day, a guide who was to look after a second coach failed to turn up, and Christine took his place. "After having heard Leonard, I managed to keep them interested."

When the B.T.H.A. introduced its scheme of registering guides, she applied, and after an oral examination, in which she was asked questions such as "By which door must the public enter the Houses of Parliament?" and "Which bus runs between Sloane Square and Marble Arch?" was registered as a qualified guide. Soon afterwards, she married Peers. Today they live in a Kensington flat with their daughter, Jane, aged three and a half.

From a travel agency, Christine may get anything from 25s. to three guineas a day. For private parties, she charges three guineas. Though clients occasionally give her small presents, she prefers not to take tips, because she believes that tipping lowers her status.

Like most people who work constantly under the eye of the public, Christine has had her embarrassing moments. A few minutes after starting one tour the driver of a diesel-engined coach told her that he had only half an hour's fuel. While he called in vain at garages in remote districts, Christine talked brightly to the passengers about the fascinating and rarely visited parts they were passing through.

"We finally found a garage that kept diesel oil when there was only fuel for another five minutes in the tank. The passengers didn't suspect a thing."

THE END

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 44, the judge said that the whole purpose of ordering a man to find bail is so that the surety will be responsible for him and be obliged to supervise him in order to safeguard the money. An indemnity of the kind given to Ron strikes at the very roots of the principle of bail, and is contrary to the public interest. Ron lost his case. (This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)

"TREASURE CRUISE"

plus FORTUNE for 2, 3, or 4 WORDS £1,450
heads "Bullets" PRIZES value over £1,450

TWELVE *Bullets* guests have stepped aboard luxury liners in recent summers to enjoy holiday cruises. They were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Barnes (Chorley), Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smith (Nottingham), Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hurley (Taunton), Mr. and Mrs. W. Davie (Hampstead), Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Davis (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. A. Booth (Preston).

Now comes your opportunity to revel in a Mediterranean "Treasure Cruise" this summer, aboard the lovely new *Southern Cross*. Study those thrilling details below—and sail in with your coupon for this week's prizes value over £1,450!



14 DAYS' HOLIDAY for TWO in the "Southern Cross"

THRILLING NEW 7-in-1 HOLIDAY FIRST PRIZE

1. £500 CASH on Thursday, May 12
2. Mediterranean Cruise for two (14 days)
3. £10 TREASURE awaits you at Palma
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7. £50 TREASURE to welcome you home!

£750
LUMP SUM IF
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3,044 OTHER PRIZES: £50, £25, £15, £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 25 of £1,

3,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES each with £50 opportunity and UNLIMITED GIFTS—see below

THIS WAY to £500 and CRUISE

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Tomorrow's Battle
Tonic For Industry
The Broad Highway
Our Treasure
What Home Means
Carpet Of Bluebells
Hell On Earth
Looks Healthy
Cracking The Whip
Wise Old Bird

To Avert A Crash
Squealing
Given A Leg Up
Crowds, Camera-men And
Made Her Mad
Automatically
Those Dreadful Joneses
Like Water
Office-boy Grandpa
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Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Britain's....., So
The..... Tax
Taken For A.....
Thing To
A Long, Long.....
"Steady With The.....!"

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THE new £500,000 DICTIONARY presents over 1,700 prize *Bullets* in dictionary style—all the 1954 printed winners, inspiring *First*s and the cream of *Bullets* humour for years past. This 64-page guide to *Bullets* success in 1955 is invaluable to every would-be winner.

A FREE and POST-FREE copy can be yours this week if you use as instructed your Gift Label below.

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FIRST PRIZE: £500 plus Surprise Easter Egg: D. R. Mackay, 29 Combe Close, Yeovil:

Bundle Of Energy—In Flannels, Shorts—Overalls?

£25: Mrs. I. Leigh, 9 Strathaird Avenue, Barrow-in-Furness: WONDERS NEVER CEASE, SO—MOSCOW FOLLOWING GLASGOW, BILLY?

£10: S. du Rose, 46 Parkdale Road, Tonge Park, Bolton: BUNDLE OF ENERGY—REMEMBERED, AWAITING VET'S DIAGNOSIS.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: R. A. McBrearty, 108 Arundel Road, Littlehampton: JOGGING ALONG—GETS WAGES—SLOGGING EARNS! £8: J. L. Gibson, 30a Bridge Street, Cambridge: STOPS FOR A SECOND—OPPORTUNITY—NO SECOND STOP! £7: A. Eke, "Kalena," Westbury Street, Elland, Yorks: PRINCESS PROSPERITY—PRINCE PEACE—ALWAYS "FAIRY-

TALE"? £6: J. T. Clements, 73 Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W.16: PRINCESS PROSPERITY—BRITAIN'S SHIPS BUSY "LAUNCHING." £5: R. M. Fleming, 10 Ethelbert Road, Ramsgate: WORRYING WINSTON—BUT SMILING WINSTON, TOO! £5: J. R. Johnson, 146 Coleridge Road, Addiscombe, Surrey: WORRYING WINSTON—DULLES PUBLISHING DOODLES NEXT? £5: Mrs. H. Kettlewell, 53 Henson Avenue, Blackpool: THE SPRING PICTURE—MARRIED—"CUCKOOS" ON ROADS! For ten winners of £2.10s. see "Bullets" Bulletin. 50 *Bullets* Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate in *Bullets*

for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "Bullets" Bulletin dated May 14 and in JOHN BULL dated May 21), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 7, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,984 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,984, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

1,984 CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, APRIL 25 I agree to rules and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

797

GET YOUR BULLETIN

STICK 2d. STAMP here to secure *Bullets* Bulletin dated May 7, containing Swiss Holiday offer.

FINAL OFFER—POST by MON., APRIL 25

To secure my FREE copy of the £500,000 Dictionary, I enclose with this Gift Label FIVE or more *Bullets* for Contest No. 1,984.

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EXPANSION
WATCH BRACELETS
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PAT. No. 697592

for Men
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LOOK FOR THIS
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MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR
STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT.
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JE-
WELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

X-rays on Indigestion

This X-ray experiment carried out by an eminent radiologist will interest every sufferer from indigestion and similar stomach disorders.

A patient suffering from acute indigestion was X-rayed first before, and then two hours after, a meal. The second X-ray plate showed that the stomach was distended by undigested food. Repeating the experiment later, the patient was given a dose of 'Bismag' Magnesia after his meal. This time the X-ray photograph showed that there was practically no distension—thanks to 'Bismag' digestion was proceeding normally.

This was just a single experiment, but all over the world, in 45 different countries, millions of sufferers depend on this scientifically balanced antacid prescription for quicker, surer relief. Ask your chemist for 'Bismag'—75 tablets for 1/8d.

MEN! TAKE INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE

... this quick efficient
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The MANLY instantly takes 3-6 inches off your waistline, relieves fatigue and muscular aches. Supports back, improves. Instantly feel fitter, look smarter. Made of two-way stretch washable elastic fabric (pre-shrunk) with a specially strengthened front, the MANLY gives all-day comfort, standing, sitting, playing. Every MANLY is supplied with an extra detachable supporter FREE!

Sent C.O.D. (pay postman 35/- plus postage). Or send 35/- P.O. post free. State present waist size (next skin).

MANLY

obtainable only from

MANLY CO., Dept. JB/1,
The Manor House, Worcester Park, Surrey

I changed her tears to smiles



"MUMMY! MUMMY!" cried my little girl, "I'm so unhappy!" I couldn't think what on earth had happened. She'd gone off to school that morning so full of excitement. You see, she was in the Junior Girls' Nursing Corps and they were having a dress rehearsal for the inspection, next day, by the Mayor.

The trouble came when the other girls teased her. You know how *unkind* children can be to each other. They chided her about her uniform blouse. Said it wasn't really 'hospital white', like a real nurse would wear!

I was *very* annoyed. The Nursing Corps had given her the blouse. But she'd been unlucky and got one that had been on the shelf for months. It had gone all dowdy grey. "Don't worry, pet," I said to my little girl. "Mummy will soon put *that* right. You'll be the envy of the school when I've finished with that blouse..."



CHEERED UP. It took some minutes to console the little mite. But she soon cheered up when I told her I knew Surf would get that blouse really white... really spotless. Following the directions on the packet, I put my little girl's blouse into some cold Surf suds. Then I brought them to the boil.



BRAND NEW, that's what the blouse looked like after *only ten minutes* in the boil. Surf had restored true whiteness to the blouse by removing all the stubborn *ingrained* grime as well as the surface dirt. After I'd ironed that blouse it really looked beautiful. "That'll show them," I thought to myself.



SHEER WONDER was in my little girl's face when she saw her blouse. Later the headmistress complimented her on her smartness. Even the Mayor told her how nice she looked. That made her the proudest girl on parade. She thinks her Mummy's wonderful. And I think Surf is—for getting whites clean, for boiling out stains... in fact, for washing *everything* spotless.

Surf boils spotless!

